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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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EDITORS

LOUISE A. EGLESTON

MABEL NORFLEET

LENORE POWELL

The Prodigal Son

BY JULIA ANDREWS MARKS

Far up on the lonely mountain side stood an age-old hut, lowly and weatherbeaten, hidden by the dark trees from the eyes of the law. Now, covered with winter snows, it sheltered an old woman paralyzed and fretful through years of suffering and misfortune. Her eldest son, hard-hearted, ignorant, and uncouth, lived there with quiet, patient Annie, his wife. But every morning "Old Ned," as he was called by their neighbors in the valley, took his gun and went through the woods to the still, a quarter of a mile away, where he spent the day. Meanwhile, there was one comfort to cheer the two women in their ceaseless task of maintaining the home—a little girl in a red calico dress. She had winsome brown eyes and beautiful dark curly hair. Her mother, proud of the pretty child, looked at her often and sighed as she remembered her own youth and the days when she had gone with her father into a town far, far away from the lifeless mountain and had seen lovely ladies with happy faces and beautiful dresses. But to the aged grandmother the child was a constant reminder of Dick, her youngest son, who had gone with his father, at the age of six, to Nashville. News had come of the father's sudden illness and death in the city, but no trace had ever been found of the bright boy with the big, thoughtful eyes. For thirty years the stricken mother had mourned and hoped and each movement of little Ellie's brought only a joy mingled with bitter sorrow to her heart.

Now it was Thanksgiving Day again and a cold blast of wind chilled the tiny cottage as the door swung open to the touch of the child's hand and little Ellie entered, her arms filled with damp wood, which she piled in a corner behind the stove.

"Oh!" she cried, happily, "Granny, papa's going to kill the biggest pig of all today. He said he would, just because it's Thanksgiving! And mama's baking some extra apples. She says Thanksgiving was a big day at her home when she was a little girl. We're going to have cranberries too. Oh! I'm so glad, glad, glad!" And the child clapped her hands as she danced about the room, with only a hazy idea of the real significance of Thanksgiving.

"Old Ned" came home early to dinner that day, bringing with him a stupid mountaineer and his worthless son, the "moonshine" guards.

"We done quit work for the holiday!" he laughed loudly, as he threw the big gun and the overcoat, inherited from his father, on a little straw-bottomed chair, the pride of the household. "Dinner ready?" he asked, turning to the busy woman bending over the stove.

Dragging the long wooden table into the center of the room, Ellie and her mother soon spread forth the lavish meal. Everyone was happy now and softening his voice somewhat, "Old Ned" spoke lovingly to the old woman as he moved her chair to the head of the table. Such joy had not been known in the mountain dwelling for many a day, and even the two sullen helpers thanked their happy fates that they had been invited to such a feast.

"I think we ought to say a little prayer to God, just today, Ned," plead the God-fearing housewife. "At home we used to do it always."

There was something in the very atmosphere that touched the hearts of all who sat around the table and so when no one spoke, Annie repeated a prayer that she had learned a long, long time before. Then the merry meal began and princesses in velvet robes enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinners no more than did little Ellie in her red calico dress, which was not much the worse for two years' hard wear.

Late that evening the little girl went down to the spring to fill the buckets with water for the evening meal. She stayed much longer than usual and Annie was throwing her shawl about her to go to see what could have befallen the child, when suddenly she rushed into the room, breathless with excitement, her pretty curls flying in every direction, and her cheeks burning.

"Oh, mama," she began, "There's two men out there! And they're dressed so funny—like city men—big coats and—oh, they stopped me at the spring and asked me where I lived and what my name was. I told them and they asked me about papa. But they were very kind and brought the buckets up the hill for me. They're waiting now. They want to see papa."

"Old Ned's" interested expression changed to one of horror. Helplessly he looked at his agitated wife and with a groan he cried, "The government men! They'll get me now! What can I do? Hide me quick, Annie! Oh, hide me!"

It was pitiful, indeed, to behold this big strong man crying like a baby. Suddenly he ceased his moaning and made a dash for his gun. But Annie was there before him.

"No, sir," she commanded sternly, "hide if you want to. But there's to be no blood shed in this house while us women folks are here."

A sharp rap at the door caused more consternation in the room. Little Ellie nestled down in bewildered terror at the feet of the trembling, feeble woman sitting by the fire. Annie motioned her husband to a hidden corner behind the stove and cupboard curtains. Then she walked calmly to the door and opened it.

"If it's my husband you want," she said to the men standing there, "he's not in. The kid was wrong. He left the house just after she went to the spring and will be down in the valley all night and maybe tomorrow too. So you might as well go on, I guess," she finished as she prepared to close the door.

"A moment, madam," interposed one of the men, "might we not come in just to warm our hands by your stove? The night is very cold. Of course we have orders to find your husband, to search the house if necessary. But if,"—he looked straight into Annie's honest eyes, "if you will give us your word of honor that he is not here, of course we cannot doubt a lady's word, and there will be no need of searching the house. Is he here?"

Slowly the old woman had turned her head that she might see the newcomers. Then gradually her look of fear and agony gave place to one of incredulous surprise and wonder. Was it possible? Trembling, but with a glad light in her gray eyes, the old woman lifted herself painfully and tottered across the room.

Something drew the man in the derby and plain clothes to her, while the eyes of the officer with the bright badge scanned the

surroundings attentively. A moment the officer stood undecided what course to take. Then from behind the curtain stepped "Old Ned"—but now a new Ned, with shoulders erect and eyes clear and bright.

"Here I am, officer," he said fearlessly. At that moment they turned to see a feeble old woman held in the arms of the man in the derby—and while they stood wondering they heard her glad cry, "My son! Come home again."

Slowly the officer turned to his prisoner and bowed his head a moment. Yes Dick had been a loyal friend to him. And now—

"I have arrested this man," he spoke to the whole family. "But I hereby grant his release." And turning he strode out of the cabin door, shutting it after him on an old woman's thankful heart.

Everyman's Thanksgiving

The great church door stood wide. Its mute appeal
An eager footstep in the street had stayed:
A moment still he stood, its pow'r to feel—
Then Everyman went in, knelt down, and prayed!

"O God, it is not often that I come,
The world till now has claimed my all in life.
Yet, God, I thank Thee that Thou hast a home
For prodigals returning from the strife!

"My heart's ungrateful path today has turned
Oh send me strength to tread it nevermore!
But from this hour to cherish what I spurned—
The blessed message of the chapel door.

"To give of all my goods to Thee a part,
To serve, to love, and most of all to pray!
To keep, O Lord, forever in my heart
This all-enduring glad Thanksgiving day!"

—LOUISE A. EGLESTON

Dreams

LENORE POWELL, '22

What is a dream? Some material-minded persons, to whom this question might be asked, would consult Webster's dictionary as the one reliable source of information, and give, in their own little material-minded way, its cut and dried statement as satisfactory and final. Dream: a sleeping vision; a reverie; a vagary. But isn't it more than this? Isn't it the little, unseen power that urges us to higher things? Isn't it his power to dream that makes an individual different from his neighbor, that gives him his personality? What an interesting, fanciful place this old world would be, could we each see one another's innermost visions, and dwell in one another's magic houses of reverie!

Is there anything sweeter than the thoughts that come to a tenderly exultant mother as she sees, in the dimply curves, the rose-petal softness, the puckery mouth of that baby of hers, the makings of a distinguished man of state, or, as the case may be, a magnetic, beautiful woman before whom the world bows in unaffected homage? Never was there a baby born who was not dreamed over thus. Is it, after all, so very sad that the greatest number of them fall far short of their parents' extravagant expectations? We must not hint that a flourishing young necktie salesman is less worthy in his mother's eyes for having been dreamed a noble occupation of the presidential chair. In the beginning he was the embodiment of all virtues; he is now, while he fills his jaunty position of clerkship; he will, in all probability, remain so until the time, when he, a bit gray with years, faithfully sells similar neckties in a similar establishment.

But let us follow the course of the daughter, the future beautiful woman with magnetism. She, in her turn, has dreams. At ten curled up in her little bed, she imagines herself an actress, a graceful, dancing actress, flaunting yellow curls and short fluffy ballet skirts, and kissing gracious hands to an adoring audience. This future is most vivid, in all its details, after "mother" has treated her to a matinee.

And the boy? He revels in wild ambitions, changeable as only a normal boy's ambitions can be. At times he is a bold, bad pirate, gloating with terrible ferocity over his victim, one foot placed on the bloody body. Then again, when he lacks the inclination to soar to unattainable heights, he sees himself a majestic street-car conductor,

a skillful ruler of his region of nickels and dimes, dictating with his, "This way, lady. Kindly don't push," the coming and going of the city at large.

However, our little boy, and likewise our little girl, grow up, with miraculously speedy growth. And as the years fly by, so also fly constantly shifting dreams. The girl's future varies from that of a red-cross nurse, gloriously courageous on the battlefield, to an intellectual, efficient professor of English, (this after she has read an inspiring article on Woman's Place in the World); from that of seductive screen-vampire to the (inevitable) mistress of a "darling bungalow with roses, and a baby and all."

The boy's dreams are equally as varying and interesting. He longs to be second Douglas Fairbanks, scaling all manner of insurmountable objects with a triumphant grin and easy agility; a dare-devil aviator taking spectacular risks with his life; a surgeon handling ruthless instruments with an artist's skill.

There are none of us who do not dream, however covertly, however unconsciously. And no matter how impossible our dreams may be, they play no small part in keeping us "up to the mark" in making us firm believers in ourselves and our powers; in putting joy and inspiration into our lives.

Betty

MABEL NORFLEET

The living room of the old Stuart home in the little town of Oakmere was quite the coziest place imaginable. Any mortal should have been content to be seated on the comfortable, deeply cushioned sofa, even if the additional bliss of being able to gaze into a deep glowing coal fire had not been added. However, Betty Stuart lay at full length on that lounge with a frown on her pretty face. Her gaze fell upon her father seated in his favorite chair near the window, peacefully reading. The ancient mahogany clock on the mantel struck four thirty. Almost instantaneously Betty's feet hit the floor with a bang. Then came the fireworks.

"Dad! I *do* wish I had somebody to play with!"

"Run out in the yard and play with Tom," said Mr. Stuart, without raising his eyes from the deeply interesting magazine article he was reading.

"Tom's not here—'sides he's always teasing me. I *hate* boys anyhow! I wish Grace and Mary had taken me to ride with them. I want something good to eat, dad—do you hear, daddy!!! I *wish* you would pay a *little* attention to me, nobody *ever* does!"

"Well-er, honey, I suppose there are a plenty of biscuits and jam in the pantry."

"No! There ain't—Tom's eat 'em all—he *rushes* to the pantry every day when he gets home from school so he can eat everything in sight before I get a chance to eat *anything*. Boys are *perfect* pigs. You always let *Tom* have exactly what he wants."

"Now, now, Betty child, don't lose your temper. You shouldn't speak to your dad that way. Ask the cook where some food is. She knows."

"You make me *so* mad, daddy! You *know* it's cook's afternoon off. Course mama ain't here either. She's *always* gone to some party or other. I do wish she'd stay home with me sometimes."

"Betty, I don't care to have you speak of your mother again in that manner. I am really surprised!" and Mr. Stuart actually put down his magazine, he was so displeased.

"Well, what *can* I do if I can't play and can't even have anything to eat when I'm so hungry? Take me down town in the automobile so I can get my skates fixed, quick—then I'll go and skate on Main

street. Tom broke 'em, daddy—he slipped 'em the other day and of course he had to break 'em—boys *always* do. Come on, *please*, daddy, it won't take but just a *little* while."

"I suppose I may as well," said Mr. Stuart, with a sigh of regret as he closed his book. "But you must hurry or the shop will be closed. Run and put on your sweater and hat. No, you positively cannot go without a hat, it's too cold."

So Betty seized her sweater and tam from her mother's wardrobe, grabbed her skates from the back porch and rushed into the yard. Her father soon followed her and they went together to the auto. This auto is worthy of honorable mention. To begin with it was a Ford. In this case, however, it was not as other Fords were—it was a most unusual Ford. It was one of the first Fords ever made—one of the few autos which Oakmere could boast, ill modeled after the 1906 plan. The color of this remarkable machine was none other than a brilliant, flaming red, and the trimmings were brass, shining brass, which winked and shone brilliantly as a soldier's buttons on dress parade. Betty jumped into the front seat of this unusual Ford and gazed at its seemingly intricate levers, etc., with a placid possessive eye. "Dad," said she, "I *do* wish you'd hurry, it'll soon be dark."

"Don't be impatient, Betty. You must remember I can't tell an auto to get up and go as I might a horse." He turned on the switch of the aforementioned Ford then he seized the crank and began to twirl it. That Ford was like, in only one respect, to present day Fords—it was stubborn. Its stubbornness was probably provoked this afternoon by the haughty manner in which Betty eyed it. Poor Mr. Stuart whirled the crank until he was breathless—then, sad to relate, he lost his temper somewhat. He turned on the spark with a vicious twist of his hand—then he jerked the crank still more viciously. And that viciousness was his own undoing. A shiver went over the Ford's internals and at the same time a queer shiver passed over Mr. Stuart's frame. With a cry his left hand clapped over his right arm—he turned away and began to walk up and down the road leading to the gate. Then—"Betty," he said in a sharp voice, "I've broken my arm, run into the house quickly and 'phone Dr. Anderson to come here immediately."

Betty had been staring at him all this while in petrified amazement. She knew something dreadful had happened—something inside her said over and over like the tick-tocking of a clock—"It's-all-your-

fault, it's-all-your-fault." At the sound of her father's voice she roused herself and somehow forced her paralyzed limbs to move. She managed to whisper in a faint voice, "Yes, daddy, I will." Then she ran as fast as her frightened legs would carry her into the house and to the 'phone. She jerked up the telephone receiver and waited for central to come. She waited in vain; central, like most centrals, was in a peevish mood just when she was wanted most—therefore, poor Betty stood for what seemed to her centuries (in reality only five minutes) waiting an answer. Finally she realized she must do something—(her dear daddy was hurt and it-was-all-her-fault-all-her-fault). The only way to get the doctor was to run down town to his office and get him—at least that was the only imaginable way to solve the problem according to her frightened brain. No sooner had the thought come than Betty carried it into effect. She was quick—was Betty.

She ran—she fairly flew, out of the house, through the gate, finally into the street. Yet to her it seemed she was running at a leaden snail-like gait—that she was making no progress at all. The few pedestrians she met smiled at her, thinking she was playing some game. The child fell twice on the hard ground bruising and cutting her hands and knees. She was up in no time, however, speeding onward, ever onward toward the goal her whole being was set in reaching—the doctor's office. Her breath began to sob in her throat, her legs to get unsteady, but she ran on and on. At least—only one block more—here, now, was that the doctor stepping into his Ford roadster?—Yes, it truly was. She *must* stop him. She did—she reached him just as the car was beginning to move. "Doctor, oh—Dr. Anderson—wait just a minute, please."

"Jump up quickly, then. I'm in a hurry, Betty."

"Yes, sir. Daddy, my daddy, has broken his arm—he, he was cranking up the automobile to take me down town to have my skates fixed—Oh! it's all my fault. (She began to sob convulsively.) I couldn't get central. Oh! I didn't know what to do."

"There, there, child, you mustn't cry. You must be brave like your daddy. I know all about it, your daddy 'phoned me himself. We'll be there in a jiffy and fix his arm just right."

They were there in a jiffy. The doctor was a really modern up-to-date Ford driver. His driving would be looked upon with respect even in this day and generation. They found Mr. Stuart pacing up and down his bedroom—a low moan escaping his lips every now and then.

"Pretty bad, Stuart," said the doctor upon examining the arm, "you must have given that fool crank an awful wrench. Yes, and this is the same arm you broke some years ago. Bad, bad, you must be *very* careful this time."

The doctor turned to his kit. There at his elbow was Betty—her terror-stricken eyes gazing straight at him. "Betty," he said, "isn't there anyone else in the house or anywhere about? No? Well, dear, you will have to help me, then. Be brave!"

When it was all over, Betty silently crumpled upon the floor. "Fainted? Well, that's to be expected after what she's been through. No, Stuart, you lie still, she'll be all right in a second. Poor little one. She's been a little Trojan—and I think she's been taught a lesson that will remain with her all through her life."

Betty was soon lying on the couch in the living room still rather wan and pale. "Doctor," she whispered as he bent over her, "how's dad?"

"He's doing all right, child. You lie still, but tell me, where is your mother. I must 'phone for her."

"She's at a card party, I don't know where—but I *think* Mrs. John Arrowsmith's."

"Well, I'll soon see. Ah! I believe I hear her coming in now." So saying he stepped out in the hall to break the news of her husband's misfortune to Mrs. Stuart. She was quite calm. She had to be, under Dr. Anderson's calm, cool, gaze. When he left her, however, some of the calmness left her.

When she saw Betty lying on the couch in the living room her temper began to get the better of her. "Betty, you should be ashamed to lie there when your poor father is by himself with a broken arm. Why aren't you with him? No, you needn't answer me—I'm going to give you the lecture you thoroughly deserve. You are a selfish, bad, little girl. It's all your fault your father broke his arm—every bit of it—you ought to be *ashamed* of yourself. You needn't cry—that isn't going to help matters one bit. There, Betty, don't sob so you'll worry your father. I suppose you are sorry—yes, I know you are. Now run over to the dining room and get your supper. Susan has just come—she's giving Tom his supper now. You and Tom must go to bed as soon as your supper is finished—run along now, dear. *Remember*, you and Tom must be perfectly quiet—dad is suffering a great deal."

The rest was lost as Betty shut the living room door and slowly tip-toed to the dining room. She found brother Tom in full possession

of the table and its contents. "Well," he greeted her, "I hope you're satisfied now, Miss Stuart—making daddy break his arm. Yes—uh, huh—now cry—I heard all about it. Doc told ma, and Susan was talking too. Now cry—little *cry baby*." Here he suddenly stopped—the truly "hurt dog" pitiful look in his sister's eyes gave his conscience a twinge of remorse. Hadn't *he* often worried dad just as much and wasn't it just fate that made it happen that she instead of him had through selfishness caused their nice old dad such pain and suffering? He began to gobble hot waffles very fast—and—when he looked up again it was to hear a sob and the sound of the dining room door softly closed. Tom was really nonplussed now. Betty must be sick or something. She hadn't said a word to him in reply to his horrid, cutting speech. He so far forgot himself as to leave his waffles and the rest of his delicious supper. He suddenly decided to go down town and buy candy for Betty. He knew her favorite—that would be the pipe of peace, if anything ever would.

Betty had gone to her dainty little bedroom just above her father's and sobbed her heart out on the fresh covers of her bed. She wished she could die—nobody loved her—her mother *hated* her and daddy, her sweet, dear daddy, never *would* forgive her. It-was-all-her-fault—all-her-fault. She was a selfish little beast—her mother said so—Tom said so—he would tell everybody how she had made her father break his arm—everybody in town would hate her. Oh! how she did wish she could die. The miserable child finally sobbed herself to sleep.

An hour later she was awakened by a gentle touch—the touch which could belong to only one person in the world—her mother. "Betty, dear child, your father has told me what a brave little girl you were this afternoon and I'm proud of you, darling. Now, now, you mustn't cry you'll disturb dad—he's only gone to sleep, he's feeling much better. Child! You have been lying here with your clothes on, and no cover over you. Come, undress quickly, you'll catch your death of cold—hurry, child, or else I'll have another invalid on my hands. There, now, I'll cover you up snug and warm, then you must go to sleep. Are you feeling perfectly well now, Betty? Tell me—I suppose I'd better 'phone the doctor anyway."

"No, mother, I'm feeling all right. I never was sick. You mustn't worry. Kiss daddy good night for me." So her mother left her to the land of pleasant dreams.

Some time later Betty was awakened by the sound of her father's moans, which came from his bedroom beneath her own. Betty was terrified—she knew her dear daddy was dying. She must go and see—what was that? Absolutely no need to fear—that sound was one which was copyrighted “Tom Stuart.” Then—“Betty, you awake?”

“Yes, Tom.”

“Mother says you mustn't worry about dad—his arm hurts a good bit but he'll get along O. K. tomorrow. Bet-er-I say you know what I said to you tonight. I—I'm awful sorry, Bet. You really are a little brick. And say—you like peanut candy, don't you—and here's something for you.” He slipped a little package into her hand. “Bets, dad is a good 'un ain't he? Well, I guess we've both been pretty rotten to him and ma, too. We'll do better, eh?”

“Yes, Tommy, it's a bargain.”

“Shake on it, sis,” and Tom nearly squeezed her hand in two. “Good night, Bets, be good,” and then to Betty's amazement he kissed her awkwardly on the cheek. Then with a mumbled “Good night, you're a brick,” he stumbled out of the room, leaving a new Betty, a sweet real sho' 'nuf “*brick*” in the highest sense of the word.

An Inspiration and a Thanksgiving

LENORE POWELL

A Letter from Charlotte May to William Toms

May 29th, 1920.

Oh, let me tell you something, Bill, dear! I have an idea—"idea" is a simple word to use—what I mean is something bigger than that—finer. Do you know, Bill, I'm really serious, so you must listen to me and understand as you always do.

I was lying in bed the other night, Thursday it was, long after "lights-out," and I was thinking about you (you know that) and everything else lovely that I could imagine, so's to have pleasant dreams. Somehow I couldn't go to sleep; I was feeling worried—it seemed to me I was so shamefully "no-count." Here I am, just fooling round in school, being as happy as possible and absorbing as little knowledge as possible, and waiting, so patiently and kind of trembly-like—for the time when we can get (oh, it thrills me to say it) when we can get married! And, Bill, we have to admit that's not exactly a noble occupation for any girl, especially when it's going to take her, Bill, considerable length of time to make enough money to bring the wonderful occasion about.

So, 'way into the night I came to a decision. Bill, I'm not going to marry you at all! Oh, it sounds so hard when I put it that way, and you can't tell a bit by the words how it nearly kills me to say them. Because I love you—every bit as much as I ever did—even more, I believe, because I've made up my mind to give you up. Don't tell me, Bill, that this is a freakish, school-girlish plan. It isn't! Why, I haven't even told you the plan yet! I'm not being fair with you, am I, Bill? I want to go way up in the back-woods, where people are ignorant and miserably poor, and teach them things—teach them anything that will help them and everything I know. Everything! What a pitifully little bit that would be, should I dash off into the sticks here and now. But I'm not going to do that, of course. It'll take years—or that is, several years, maybe, to be trained.

Now, Bill Boy, be the sport you always are. Don't fuss at me. Say you're glad. If you don't I *might* weaken. What a calamity that would be. Don't forget that I love you, love you, love you.

The year is almost over. I'll go somewhere this summer to get my school-marm "eddicacion." What do you think of it, Bill?

Your CHARLIE.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

To Charlotte May from W. Toms

May 30, 1920.

Charlotte May, what are you talking about? Do you want to drive me crazy? Girl, don't you know I adore you? You must never, *never* write me anything like that last letter again. Dear, perhaps I'm taking it too seriously—you have said I was too literal minded—but on the subject of you I'm never entirely sane.

It is a noble little thought of yours—that's because you're a noble little girl. But you must cast it aside immediately, because, selfish though it may sound, I need you more than a thousand little heathens. You say that you love me. I wonder. If you did, you could never plan so glibly to take yourself away from me forever. Would you be happy, Charlie, darling? Would you? I would be miserable. No, that is wrong. I don't know whether I would be miserable or not. I would not be in this world any longer, what would be the use?

It sounds kiddish, Charlie, I know. Maybe I'm making an ass of myself. I'm not sure. All I want to know is, *do* you mean it? If you don't answer *at once*, I'll take the next train down and murder the entire body of squeamish principals and the like, so that I can see you.

I love you, Charlie.

BILL.

From Charlotte May to W. Toms

June 1, 1920.

Bill Toms, now I *am* mad. You're hateful to doubt that I love you. You don't give me a word of encouragement. I'm wretched. I want to die! Don't you *dare* come down here. I'd run a thousand miles not to see you.

I made a mistake, though. I'm not wretched. I'm happy that I can do a little good to *somebody*.

That's all right! Mother thinks it a grand idea—only she doesn't believe I'm going to stick it out. But I am!

Oh, I feel like crying. Bill Toms, I *hate* you.

CHARLOTTE.

To C. May from W. Toms

CHARLIE, DEAR:

June 5, 1920.

Well, I didn't see you, did I? You were your usual obstinate little self. Of course, it was just as you must have known it would be. I arrived, hat in hand, out of breath and red in the face, and asked for you. Once they said you were in the infirmary. Then I asked for you again, more insistently. I was getting madder every minute, Charlie, and I'm afraid I showed it. However, I came away—defeated. It took me a long time to get sobered down. I was enraged, and I didn't know exactly at whom.

I'm calm now. After thinking it over I've decided I was a little rash; in fact, that I lost myself for the moment at the thought of giving you up. Let's both be sensible. At a time like this one should be sensible. Think what depends on how we act now, Charlie! Our whole lives! I can understand your thinking that you want to bury yourself in the wilds of the mountains—every girl has such a worthy ambition one time or another, I suppose. But the danger is in your taking it too seriously. Ye Gods! You don't mean it, do you? I feel like a naughty boy, Charlie, who is being trailed about, hither and thither, blindfolded, not knowing what's coming next. It can't go on this way any longer. I can't keep my mind on my business. It's true there's not much business yet, anyhow, just a shingle with "William Toms, Attorney" on it, and one or two insignificant little clients who want advice on insignificant little troubles! It's rotten, business is. But I'm hoping for bigger things—and I'll never have them, Charlie, without you to love and keep before me as an inspiration.

Charlie, dear, give me some peace of mind. Write to me, fuss at me—tell me I'm a darned fool! Anything! But do let me hear from you.

BILL.

From C. May to her Mother

June 6, 1920.

DARLING, PRECIOUS MOTHER:

Oh, I'm all upset. Just as upset as I can be. Bill and I are so mad at each other—or leastways, I am with him. Why, mother, he's positively officious the way he talks to me, as if I were a silly little school-girl planning to go on the stage. It's insulting! Don't you think so, mother, dear?

I'm never, *never* going to write to him again. What do you guess he said in his last letter? He said, "Every girl has such a worthy ambition sometime or another, I suppose." See how lightly he regards it! Nothing would keep me down off those mountains now. 'Course, I hate to be going out of spite to Bill. It isn't that at *all*. But it will be kind of gratifying to show Bill a thing or two.

So let's begin right now to plan how it's really going to come about. I'm going to send in my application—right away—to a summer school, and write to Mr. Sidney who is at that little mission in the Ragged Mountains. Remember last summer when he preached at home? He said they needed help so much up there. Oh, mother, it begins to look really possible. And I want you to know that I'm not rushing into this like mad, not even taking into consideration the discomforts that are sure to come with it. Why, mother, I've pictured everything; no dancing nor music nor boys, no chocolate fudge, marshmallow sun-daes, no soft cushiony bed, no bath tub—nothing! But what will it matter? I know I'll enjoy it as much, and feel so *satisfied* at the same time—if I can only make the poor little children happy. Somehow I always think of them as haggard and old-looking. I don't see why, though. Maybe there are some freckled-faced, grinning ones. You never can tell.

If you should accidentally see Bill, mother, be sure not to mention me. You might even snub him a little. He's such a hateful old thing. He makes me so unhappy I feel like crying.

With all the love in the world for you, mother, dear,

CHARLIE.

From Mrs. May to C. May

June 10, 1920.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHARLIE:

Your fuming tirade of a letter reached me this morning. There was a great deal in it you did not mean; also a great deal that you did mean, Charlie, and I'm glad of that. Since you seem to wish it with all your heart, I would not have you do other than turn to a little missionary. I can't imagine it, however; it will be like the frog in the fairy tales, who turned to a prince—just as seemingly impossible, just as astounding.

You are hard on Bill. Sweet old Bill! You know, Charlotte, I always had a failing for him. It is asking too much for you to intimate my snubbing him; I would as soon think of looking unkindly at Minerva. I would be as afraid of Bill's searching, steel-grey eyes as I would of Minerva's reproachful meow. By the way, I saw Bill driving his little business-like Buick yesterday; he drove up beside the curb in his usual courteous, rather joking way and asked if he might drive me anywhere. He smiled adorably and seemed as courtly as a knight of old, and *I* felt as young and complimented. I joined him, notwithstanding the fact that I had a shirtwaist to press and a cold supper to prepare at home. We had a delightful spin. Bill was undoubtedly worried; his face was strained, despite the fact that he tried so heroically to be entertaining. We had quite an intimate chat, but I'm not going to tell you about it, Charlie, because, on account of your present attitude, I would feel that I was gratifying vulgar curiosity.

Little girl, be good. Write to me and tell me about what you heard from the school and Mr. Sidney. Don't be discouraged, Charlie, because everything will be all right.

Devotedly,

MOTHER.

From C. May to Mrs. May

November 25, 1920.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I'm really getting used to things up here and falling in love with them. In love with the little unpapered room, the rugless floor, the stove that gives out more smoke than heat, amiable, ignorant old Mrs. Watkins, who waddles about scolding the "young uns" and trying to make things nice for her "school-marmish" boarder and the "young uns" themselves. They grow sweeter every day. At first, they treated me rather "offishly," regarding me as something very peculiar and strange. But now, they've at last decided I bear them no evil, and they're slavishly devoted. They show their interest and earnestness in the most pathetically adorable little ways; they pick little bunches of short-stemmed flowers which they clutch tightly in their dirty little hands and lay on the desk, quite timidly, when I'm not looking. They're pitifully backward and terribly anxious to learn. It's fun to watch

them, and so comforting. There are one or two who are so bright they are a joy to my soul, and the stupid ones seem most as nice, because they need the little help I can give them so much.

You see, with all this, and working 'round with Mr. Sidney, I'm kept busy enough in the day time. One or two nights a week we arrange something gay and festive for the children, to give them a little excitement.

Day after tomorrow, you know, is Thanksgiving, and we up here in the back-woods are planning the biggest blowout. Turkey, just like you people in the city, and cranberry sauce, and everything, and we're going to be so happy with it all, because we're not a bit used to it.

Now, mother, I'm going to tell you something. I can't keep it a minute longer. I haven't said anything about this before, mother, because it seemed too weak and slacker-like. But I have to confide in you. I always have, mother darling, and I guess I always will be baby enough to keep it up. When all the lonesome sounds start up at night, and the frogs and crickets begin to wail, I'm all the time thinking about—Bill! Did I really treat him awful bad? I'm beginning to think I jumped at a conclusion—only goodness knows what conclusion! Not that Bill didn't love me. I knew better than that. I reckon I was just plain insulted, and my silly little pride hurt—so I dashed off here in a heedless hurry, feeling so self-righteous—and leaving Bill! I want Bill so! What must he have thought of me? That I was a darned little fool, I guess, because that's exactly what I was. I feel that I should humble myself—*scrape* in the *dust*—before him, and I'm going to do it.

Did you know I loved him all the time I was acting so terribly mean? Oh, mother! Oh, Bill! I don't know what to do. One thing I'm sure of. I'm going to write to Bill, and tell him just what I think of myself, and maybe what I think of him, would you, mother?

Always lovingly,

CHARLIE.

To Mrs. May from C. May

Thanksgiving Day.

OH, MOTHER, MOTHER, MOTHER, DARLING!

Do you see that "Thanksgiving Day" at the top of the page? That's exactly what it is. Our Thanksgiving Day. Bill's and mine. Bill is

here! I'm bubbling over with happiness. I can hardly breathe. I feel like jumping up in the air and screaming. He is so sweet, sweet, *sweet!* Mother, I just thought about it—Did you know he was here? He didn't *say* so. He just swung up to the cabin with those wonderful big strides of his (I was on the porch, by the way, knocked most dumb, and scarcely daring to breathe for fear it wouldn't be he). He looked so kind of serious and sweet when he was being introduced to all the bewildered little Watkinses and so gracious that the whole family fell for him. I was so excited, and my voice trembled, and I was ashamed of myself. But we *did* get away by ourselves—I don't remember how it was—but it was accomplished in an incredibly short time.

Oh, mother! The spring was singing away, and Bill didn't say a thing. Just took me in his arms and held me close. He was so big and comforting, I had to cry. I know I got all red and ugly-looking, but somehow I didn't think about it then.

He wouldn't listen to a word of my shamefaced talking. He said we could explain everything to each other later. All that mattered was that we had each other—that we always would have!

For—oh, yes, I didn't tell you, did I? We're going to be married in the little chapel. And, since they don't need much legal advice up here, we won't stay *very* long. We'll just come back to see them often, because they're real friends of ours, you know. Mother, you must pack up and catch the next train to see your happy children.

I hear the sound of the voices in the chapel singing "Come, ye Thankful People, Come"—they sound so clear and young. And, oh, mother, dear, I am thankful.

All my love,

CHARLIE.

"THE SIEVE"

The strains of Lohengrin filled the large room, but the spectators, who were seated in rather a silent row against the wall, did not appear to take much interest in the proceedings. With slow but rather hesitant steps the bride came down the winding stairs, wearing a veil a little too long and heels a little too high. She reached the altar and as she met the groom, attired in a long frock coat and a high silk hat, a terrific sound of tearing rent the air, followed by a wail of indignation: "Why, Bobbie Burns, you've ruined mama's best lace curtain! She never will let us play any more!"

EVELINA BECKWITH.

I am only a looking-glass, not very large and not very old, but I am worldly wise and thoroughly sophisticated because I have been showered with so many different "views of life"—I am among the lucky few who have honors thrust upon them. But sometimes dishonors are mixed in too for when an ugly frowning countenance scowls at me I reflect what I see and am greeted with more than frowns. I know more than most mere mortals because I have to be watching, whether I want to or not, while people are making themselves presentable for others to behold; but I would be broken if I told even half that I know about my mistress—whom people call beautiful.

JOSEPHINE FORBES.

It takes great tact and skill to ride a mule. First you must politely bow to Maud, and ask her if she will deign to allow your humble self to ride on her most august back. If she nods her head you may then try to mount. You may start to climb upon her back, but if she flirts her tail swiftly, jump down, (if you value your life) for she is becoming angry. When she finally calms down quickly mount and let her go. Don't try to guide her! Just let her go where she will, for if you don't suit her she will eventually get rid of you anyhow. If she balks you must try persuasion. Say something soothing; compliment her; and if your voice isn't too sweet sing to her; she may start with you but most probably without you.

ANNIE OWEN.

"Sammy Jones! Will you please stop that noise this instant! I am trying to write a letter and you drive me nearly distracted."

"Oh, Sis, you're always doing something and you don't ever want me to have any pleasure."

"Young man, will you please hush!"

"Gee! but you've got a temper! I wouldn't be your husband for anything. Why the other day when Mr.—"

"Sammy, leave the room this instant."

"Can't."

"You can't? Why not, pray?"

"'Cause I got a cold and ma told me not to put my foot outside this room; you don't think I'm going to disobey ma, do you?"

"Well, for heaven's sake be quiet!"

"Sis."

"What, Sammy? You are the most exasperating brother a girl ever had!"

"Well, I just had something to tell you; but if that's the way you feel I won't."

"Please do, Sammy."

"What'll you give me?"

"A dime."

"Make it a quarter and I'll tell you; but not for one red cent less 'cause I know it's important to you and you're dying to know."

"Well, all right, fire away."

"Yesterday I heard Mr. Kern tell a man that you were the most er—oh, I've forgotten what he did say."

"Sammy."

"Oh, yes, the most 'adorable girl in the world.' "

"Why, Sammy! did he really? Why, I must write this whole letter over again!"

MARY L. HARDING.

The St. Mary's Muse

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EDITORIAL

Thanksgiving Day! What does it mean to us? Is it a spiritual or material matter with school-girls? Let us hope a measure of both. It would be a pity indeed if we were among the class of mortals to whom Thanksgiving means only a day of glorious and unlimited eating—food and drink without end. They are thankful perhaps, in a way; but how vainly thankful! “Thanksgiving” is a strictly American institution, a heritage from our devout Pilgrim fathers. And one of the things for which they were most indebted to their God was his priceless gift of food. No, we would not have the day bereft of one bit of its full measure of feasting and good cheer. But, on the other hand, for how many more lasting evidences of His care our ancestors were thankful, and would we break faith with those who laid for us the corner-stone of American gratitude by forgetting the better, the deeper, the more enduring gifts of God's mercies to our nation? If we would not then let us bring hearts of true thankfulness today to Him whose bountiful goodness crowns *all* our days.

SCHOOL NEWS

Fair Week News

On the stroke of six o'clock Tuesday afternoon, October 19, Study-hall was over and with it the school work ended until Friday morning. For two "big days" faculty, officers and student body pulled together for a good time and had it.

Tuesday evening nearly half the School had tickets for the big historical pageant given under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Raleigh. The scene was arranged artistically out-of-doors against a back-ground of autumn foliage. The attractive costumes and quaint folk-dances depicted charmingly the age of "good Queen Bess" when our gallant young hero, Sir Walter Raleigh, crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of founding on American soil an English colony. So clearly were the old stories of Raleigh's life and expeditions revealed, and so delightfully were they set off by singing and dancing at intervals that we all brought away a new and vivid picture of early North Carolina. Then came the jolly walk home in the crisp October air. If the pageant had not been so good we might say, "the last part of any party is the best part of all."

D. K.

The Fair

On Wednesday came the fair and in many laughing, chattering parties of a dozen each the St. Mary's girls stepped off the cars at the fair ground gates. For four happy hours the delights of the merry-go-round, Ferris wheel, the "whip" and the aeroplanes were patronized fully. Many were the wonderful high dives, two-legged pigs, pony riding-lions, snake charmers and fortune tellers that were visited. Then there were juicy "hot dogs," good ice cream, sandwiches and snowy cotton candy to be eaten and cold lemonade to go with it all. And when all eager feet grew tired and purses flat there were still gay souvenirs and bright balloons to claim one's last quarter and to be borne home in weary triumph to grace the campus at St. Mary's.

"Irene"

On Thursday afternoon Miss Davis chaperoned a large party to the Academy of Music where the matinee performance of the musical comedy, "Irene" was staged. From the first pause in the chatter of the crowd when the curtain went up and the audience made the acquaint-

ance of "Donald," "Irene," "Madame Lucy" and the "ladies and gentlemen of the chorus," until the last "hero, heroine, and company" tableau the interest, enthusiasm and applause were continuous. The vivacity, sparkle, charm and humor of the bobbed-haired Irene were irresistible. And the comical figures of "Madame" and "Mrs. O'Dare" brought a hearty laugh from everyone. Of course the hero was—well everything that the heart of a school-girl could desire; and the echoes of the strains of "Alice Blue Gown," "Irene" and "Castle of Dreams" are still very much alive in our hearts.

The Football Game

Devotees of "Carolina" and "N. C. State" alike turned out in full force from St. Mary's on Thursday afternoon to witness the foot-ball game between those two athletic rivals. The usual big crowd attended and many out-of-town visitors who had come over for the game rode through the grove during the day. The game turned out in favor of "N. C. State" by a score of 13 to 3. St. Mary's received a royal serenade from the victors that night and sang them a song written for the occasion. By nine-thirty the happy girls who were fortunate enough to have their parents in town, were all trooping in again and our holidays were over.

Fair Week Visitors

Among the visitors to St. Mary's during fair week were a number of the last year Seniors. Nina Cooper, Jane Toy, and Mary Yellott spent Thursday with "Moke" and paid us a flying visit en route to Oxford. Alice Cheek, Millicent Blanton, Katherine Batts, Margaret Rawlings and Lucy London Anderson also gave us part of their holidays visiting in school. Ellen Lay and Mary Pickett, girls of '19, came out to school and their many friends were also glad to have Leonora Blount, Athalia Tayloe and Irene Grimsley back again.

Blue Ridge Meeting

At an inter chapter meeting of the Church School Service League on Sunday evening, October 24, the student body gathered in the parlor to hear from the Blue Ridge delegates all about the conference. Elizabeth Thomas, chairman, called the meeting to order and announced the opening hymn, "O Sion Haste." A very interesting talk was given by Lenore Powell in which she told us of a day at Blue Ridge. Following her Louise Egleston made a few remarks concerning the recreation and general good times the delegates had on the trip. Frances Venable

then told of the serious side of Blue Ridge, sketching the work of the missionary classes and the text books used. Miss Katie spoke for the benefit of the leaders, on the work outlined for the year and Elizabeth Thomas read the report of the finances of the League.

The meeting closed with the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation." We hope that the testimony of last year's delegates will bring as many more enthusiastic girls to Blue Ridge next summer.

E. H. C.

Lecture Recital, October 25th

A charming lecture-recital was given in the auditorium by John Powell and George Harris, Jr., Monday, October 25. The old girls remember with much pleasure Mr. Powell's concert last year, but this year he brought us the message of the relation of patriotism and music, in the form of an interesting lecture.

Both Peace and St. Mary's became intensely enthusiastic over Mr. Harris' interpretation of folk songs, the most popular being "Billy-Boy" and "Froggie Would A Wooing Go."

This is the first of the Peace-St. Mary's entertainments, and we are looking forward to many more as pleasant this winter.

PROGRAM

PART ONE

Lecture—"The Americanization of Music".....JOHN POWELL

PART TWO

Songs by George Harris, Jr.

English Folk Songs (arranged by Cecil Sharp)

The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies

Barbara Allen

Blow Away The Morning Dew

Lord Randal

The Crystal Spring

The Briery Bush

Lord Thomas of Winesberry

American Folk Songs (arranged by Cecil Sharp)

The Deal Companion

The Riddle-Song

Lonesome Tunes (American—arranged by Howard Brockway)

The Dying Soldier

Billie Boy

The Sweetheart in the Army

Frog Went a-Courting

E. G. B.

The Faculty Recital

On Monday evening, October 18, at eight-thirty o'clock, St. Mary's and a large number of visitors enjoyed a beautiful faculty recital in the auditorium. The stage was artistic in its simplicity of decoration. Large ferns formed the green background to which a bit of color was added by a vase of pink roses on a tall pedestal. The faculty recitals are always anticipated with pleasure and this year the repeated encores of the audience attested to their appreciation of the selections. Mr. Jones' artistic accompaniment lent its charm to Miss Spofford's appealing interpretation of "The Old-fashioned Town" which she gave as an encore. Miss Fox's numbers showed rare feeling and musical skill and were enthusiastically applauded. The wonderful technic and style which Miss Southwick's playing always shows were well displayed in the beautiful "Hungarian Rhapsody" which closed the program. It was as follows:

Etude in E Major.....	<i>Chopin</i>
Ballade in A Flat Major.....	<i>Chopin</i>

MISS SOUTHWICK

Aria from "Sampson and Delilah".....	<i>Saint Saens</i>
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MISS SPOFFORD

Clair de lune.....	<i>Debussy</i>
Minstrels.....	<i>Debussy</i>
Fantasie op. 49.....	<i>Chopin</i>

MISS FOX

Melisande in the Wood.....	<i>Alma Goetz</i>
The Danza.....	<i>Chadwick</i>

MISS SPOFFORD

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.....	<i>Liszt</i>
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MISS SOUTHWICK

E. N.

The Hallowe'en Ball

The annual Hallowe'en ball, given in the gym on Saturday evening, October 29, is remembered with so much pleasure by faculty and students alike that it deserves especial mention among the events of the school calendar. At eight o'clock the bell summoned to the parlor some hundred and fifty of the gayest and most fantastic costumes ever known in the history of St. Mary's, for the opening "Grand March."

Down the gym steps with majestic tread they filed, led by Mary Louise Everett and Margaret Huske—quite bewitching models of the Hal-
lowe'en ballet. Then round and round the room they marched to the
strains of "Clayton's Grand March," played by Miss Sutton. Sud-
denly the lights went out and into the semi-darkness of the room came
the awful figures of many sheeted ghosts, dancing in a weird circle
around the smoking "pot." Truly gruesome was Katherine Waddell's
chanted "Ghost Song"; and even the bravest heart grew cold as the
hissing words:

"—to be a ghost is just lots of fun,
As you'll find out when you get to be one."

were heard. Then as the music died away and the ghosts vanished
the crowd waited anxiously to behold the second act of the long-
looked-forward-to "Senior Stunt." What might not those mysterious
green screens hide from our expectant gaze? A moment of suspense—
and, behold—the lights once again revealed to us the one room of a
district school, presided over by the most dignified of "school marms"
in the person of Fielding Douthat. Among her flock were many figures
familiar to St. Mary's girls, which we recognized as she called the roll
thus:

Frances Rainey Bottum.....	Katherine Waddell
Ernest Cruikshank.....	Frances Venable
Florence Davis.....	Elizabeth Carrigan
Lara Fenner.....	Susanne Pegues
Katie McKimmon.....	Virginia Jordan
Lizzie Lee.....	Eleanor H. Cobb
Carolina Virginia Perkins.....	Dorothy Kirtland
Elizabeth Shearer.....	Eleanor Tiplady
Billy Stone.....	Caroline Moore
Phelia Stone.....	Rebecca Hines
Juliet Sutton.....	Elizabeth Nolan
Warren Way.....	Elizabeth Nelson

Conspicuous among the many general laughs provoked were those
caused by the appearance of Susan Collier as "Duckey," bringing
umbrella and over-shoes for "Miss Carolina Virginia," who had arrived
on account of having "slept through breakfast"; and the amazing
announcement of "Teacher"; "Carolina Virginia, you have *paint*
on your face!" "Billy" Stone's ludicrous attempts at a map of Europe;
Florence Davis' failure at a creditable rendition of "Young
Achinar" and "Ernest Cruikshank's" volley of unintelligible talk

were also enjoyed. With the dismissal of school, amid enthusiastic applause the crowd turned its attention to the wonders of the "Devil's Cave," where the spirits of the underworld in the persons of Helen Budge, Muriel Dougherty, Bessie Brown, Lenore Powell, Winifred Waddell, and Anne Kirtland conducted the visitors through their domain.

Katherine Taber and Hilda Turrentine presided over the artistic abode of the "Black Cat," while Mary Josey and Beatrice Parker rewarded the lucky ringers of another cat with peanuts and all-day suckers. Eva Lee Glass stirred up in her magic witches' pot the destinies of mortals; and in opposite corners of the room Mary Ambler and Louise Egleston as gypsy fortune tellers traced air castles in the hands of their patrons until the rude warning of the "First flash" brought them back to earth.

Muse Club Party

The Cruikshank home was the scene of a lovely Hallowe'en party Saturday evening, October 23, when Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank entertained as only they can, as a surprise treat to the Muse Club. The girls found themselves in a world of seemingly familiar figures which sported the wildest and most impossible of colored, paper faces; grinning black cats who raised threatening tails at broom-bestrident witches; ouija boards which could be made to reveal the darkest of secrets under the guidance of eager fingers; strings supporting apples which sometimes allowed themselves to be bitten; and colored lamp shades which furnished Hallowe'en verses not extremely hard to memorize. Salted peanuts and plates of sea foam miraculously appeared and disappeared on the tables and then the finishing touch came with the appearance of Miss Bottum bearing numberless chocolate ice cream cones and real "fudge." Helen Budge and Dorothy Baum, however, felt equal to eating one more last peanut and their struggle for the possession of it was quite amusing to the witnesses of the contest. Budge managed to chew her end of the string supporting it first and was applauded loudly while she consumed the prize. The party broke up reluctantly at nine-thirty and the guests departed thanking their hosts for the good time they had and inquiring of each other in ghostly whispers on the way home:

"Spos'n the witches began to witch
And you didn't know which witch was which—
Well spos'n?"

The Japanese Tea

The Japanese Tea given by the Muse Club, November 6 was one of the most attractive entertainments of the year thus far. To the eyes of the admiring girls, the Muse Room had been changed overnight into a fairyland of chrysanthemums. As we entered the door we put "dull care away" and entered into the spirit of enchantment, enjoying to the "fullest extent," the delicious chicken salad, hot chocolate and sandwiches served by dainty little Japanese maidens, at cunning little tea tables.

Margaret Elliott, with her ever popular violin, was accompanied on the piano by Marietta Gareissen, and many were the sighs of contentment when the familiar strains of "Alice Blue Gown" or "Lonesome" were heard.

From the financial standpoint of the Muse Club it was a complete success and from that of the girls—well—. When one of the winsome little maidens said: "Don't forget to come back to see us next year," the chorus of "Don't worry, we will," was quite deafening.

E. G. B.

The Seniors Are Surprised

It was of a Monday morning—the 8th of November, to be exact, that the Seniors were greeted with the last, and most mystifying, of a series of anonymous notes. The puzzling bit of paper read, "Seniors! Are you ready? ? ? (Signed) Ignota." Most undoubtedly the Seniors were ready, with paper plates and tin cups, according to instructions; ready to "follow the signs of the Red Tams." In the midst of lunch two red-tammed damsels arose and departed, much to the astonishment of the dining-room at large, and in their train arose a whole troupe of Seniors and—Juniors, the "unknown" ones! They were off, under the protecting wing of Mr. Stone, Junior Class advisor.

The street car ride was delightfully novel; the woods were beautiful in their autumnal coloring; the big pavilion, a short distance from Lasater's Mill, an ideal spot for just such a picnic as this was, when the highly excited group was joined by Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Way, Miss Stone, Mr. Perkins and Anna Perkins, about two hours later, the most fun of all began. Delicious fruit salad was brought into evidence with real mayonnaise; bacon strips were fried on long sticks over a fire, and

eaten in an appetizing way, sandwiched between rolls and real butter; deviled eggs and all kinds of sandwiches proved a source of undisguised pleasure.

The affair was pepful, and enjoyed by one and all. In fact the Juniors must certainly have felt repaid for any toil expended on it, so genuine was the appreciation and pleasure of all who partook.

L. P.

The Carolina Glee Club

The night of November 13, 1920, marks a red letter entertainment on the St. Mary's calendar. For was not that the night that comes but once a year—the time when the St. Maryites might gaze unrebuked upon the forbidden specie—the male? Yes!. 'Twas a strange sight when the auditorium curtain rolled up and displayed rows of gentlemen—real gentlemen—not girls masquerading in gentlemen's clothing. Then came songs which brought back fond memories of the golden summer of long ago (1920). A local "Ashes to ashes" provoked much mirth while the unique "Studies in Polyphony" (to use plain English, "Studies in the Art of the Steam-piano") certainly added variety and more laughter to the program. The familiar "Swing Low" was thoroughly enjoyed as were the Swiss yodeling numbers. But that dance music—it seemed almost criminal to be obliged to remain seated when that luring music fairly begged one for just one waltz or a real fox trot. In fact each number of the program was full of just the kind of pep that every true son of Carolina possesses. The final thrilling number, "Hark the Sound of Tar Heel Voices," with one accord brought the whole audience to its feet. As a grand finale the Glee Club gave St. Mary's such a yell that the foundations of the auditorium fairly shook.

But it did seem to us that the Carolina boys might have found a more fitting memento to carry away from St. Mary's than our hated brass rising bell.

M. N.

A Carpenter's Serenade

A-lath, I quite a-door you dear;
I've hallways loved your laughter.
Oh, window you intend to grant
The wish my hopes are rafter?

When first I sawyer smile 'twas plane
I wood rejoice to marry,
Oh, let us to the joiner's hie,
Nor longer shingle tarry.

And now that I have axed you, dear,
Plumb square and on the level—
(I've hallways wanted 2 by 4)
Don't spile hope's happy revel.

The cornice waving, Peggy dear,
The gables all are ringing;
Why let me pine? For oh, you know
I'm sawdust when I'm singing.

Ex.

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To a girl with too much color blest,

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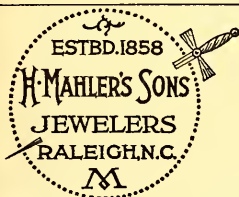
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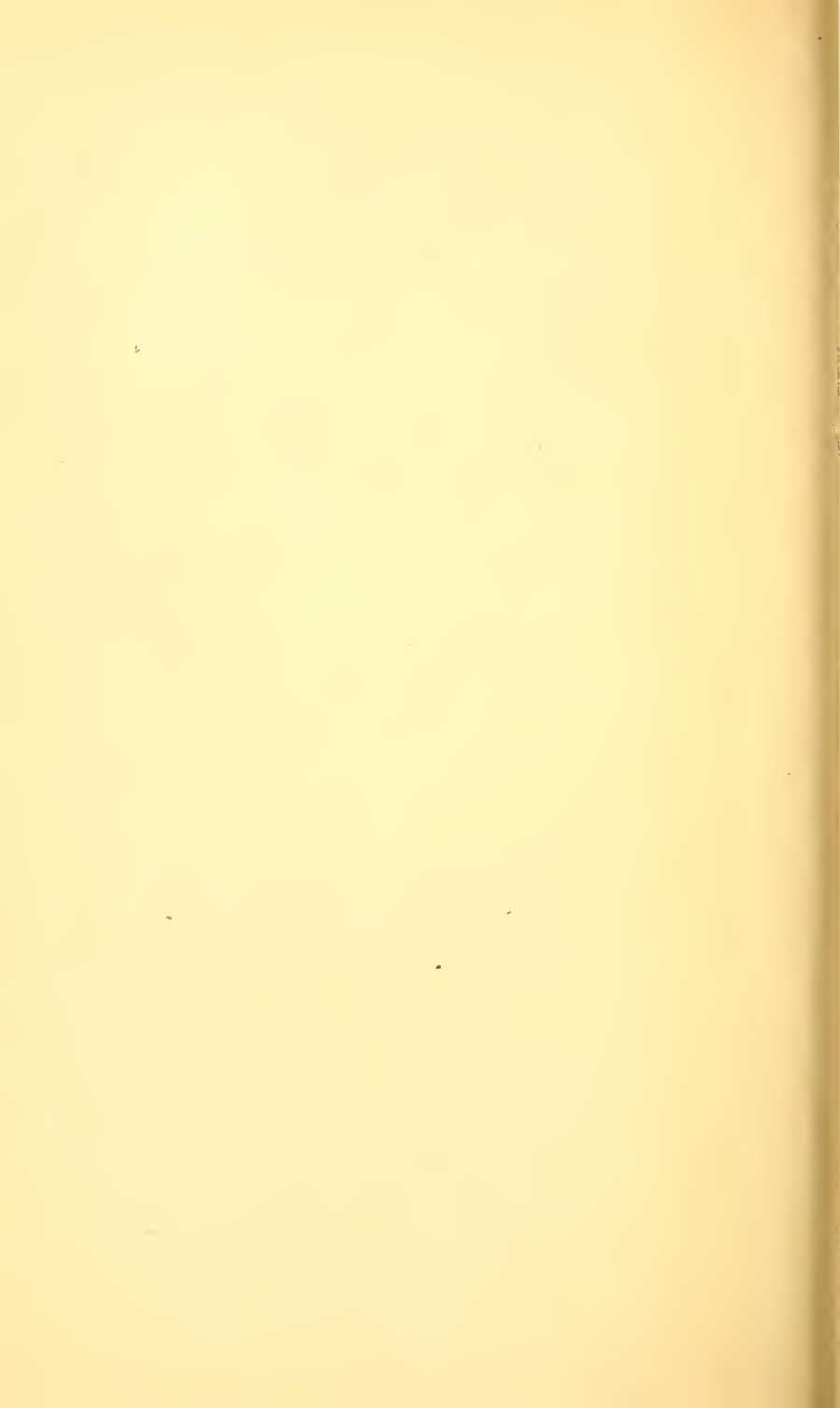
The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Christmas Number

December, 1920





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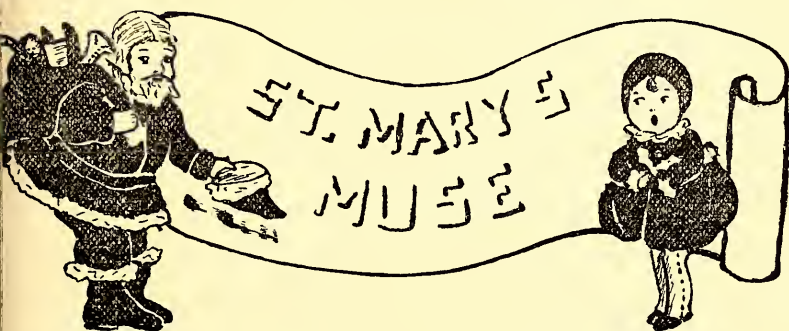
The St. Mary's Muse

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OL. XXVI

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 3



Maidens, youths and happy matrons,
Eager children, smiles a-beam,
Round the Christmas yule-log gather,
Radiant in the firelight's gleam.
Young and old are there.

Children with small, awkward fingers
Help to weave the holly bright,
Rudely fashioning a garland,
In the yule-log's flickering light.
Softly outside fall the snowflakes,
Thickening while the shadows creep.
Mingling with the merry chatter,
As the bright flames upward leap,
Sound the Christmas chimes.

KATHERINE WADDELL, '21

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Sigma Lambda Literary Society

KATHERINE WADDELL, *Editor*

The Laughing Brotherhood

FIELDING DOUTHAT, '21

Wycliff Orphanage, December 20th.

MY DEAR ANNE:

Just a few lines this morning to tell you that the children's Christmas packages are on the way. The tatting for little Nan was made by one of our oldest girls, who is very clever and the funny rag dolls are Gwen's creations. She has worked so hard over those dolls and has made one for every child in the orphanage, and I wanted your kiddies to have one, too, for it has always seemed rather pitiable to me that rich children should miss the comfort of an old sawdust doll just because they have those bold hard china ones, that open and shut their eyes and squeak, "Mama" and "Papa." They always seemed to me so unsympathetic, somehow. I wish I had something for Ralph but there is nothing to be had in an orphanage for a grown young man. I suppose he is going to be with you Christmas, 'though I will take most of his holiday to make the trip from Mercer to California.

Gwen has gone to the station now with the packages. She has Billy with her—the way that child worships her is akin to idolatry. She has been such a help to me in managing him, too. Before, the boy was such a problem—with that over-supply of energy with which I think the dear Lord meant to compensate him when he so neglected his books. Bless his little freckled soul.

I am really quite worried about Gwen going to the station today and would have done the task myself but there is such a strong wind and the outdoors today is no place for an old lady subject to rheumatism. It is the 20th you know and the day that Lucia College

own in Tompson, lets out for the holidays. The train is always loaded down with the girls, and when the boys from Mercer get on at Vilsonville they are such a riotously joyous company. They are symbolic of all the gay pleasures that were Gwen's just two years ago, and what the loss of money and a high ambition to do something worth while have robbed her of. My poor, pretty lamb. She is so out of place here in this bleak spot, with her soft rosy young loveliness and that brown mop of tumbled curls. Did I tell you that she has bobbed her hair? I was quite shocked at first, and told her that she must remember that she was twenty years old and a young lady, and that she was the assistant matron of an orphanage, but she pleaded that she did it on the grounds of economy and convenience, so I could not scold her. It makes her look ravishingly beautiful—tumbled black brown curls over great eyes that hold in them all the vivid animation of youth. But surely in youth there is goodness, and Gwen is the soft candle light, the beautiful song of our orphanage. But now I must leave you, my dear, for I hear the rattle of the old word that brings Gwen and Billy back again. They are so funny about that old rattle-trap, Anne. They call it the "Bloody Chariot," and indeed it has that appearance, with all the red mud in Wycliff County spattered on it. But before I get started again, I must bid you "good-night," my dear sister.

With best love to Tom and the children,

Your devoted sister,

ALICIA.

Wycliff Orphanage, December 22.

MY DEAR ANNE:

How very dear of you to send the presents for my children. They will be such a help in fixing the tree. Gwen was so happy over them. She does need something to make her happy, poor love. She came back from the station yesterday with such a strained serious look on her young face. She was not herself at all. After the children were taken to bed she came in my room and talked to me awhile. I had

an open fire and we made a bit of toast and had some tea. It was very cozy and sweet, and I was so contented, sitting there in my comfy chair, with her dark head against my knee. So selfish I felt too, when I saw the slender shoulders quivering spasmodically. When I asked her why she was crying she said that the cozy smell of my room and the old fashioned portraits in their black frames, and my little table with its darning basket and Bible made her cry. Such a funny child. But I knew that to be only that homey feeling, and I knew, too, that she had been looking at the bit of mistletoe and holly stuck on the gas jet, so I said, "Gwen, why does the mistletoe and holly make you cry?" and she smiled and said that she could never hide anything from me, and that it was because of *The Laughing Brotherhood!* And Anne, would you like to hear about that laughing brotherhood of hers?

Anne, she says that two years ago she was a member of *The Laughing Brotherhood*," and that is her name for all the young college boys and girls all the wide world over. She says that she, too, went to school and danced and flirted and worried not at all. And now, she says her two years of worth while work have taught her that there is as much good in *The Laughing Brotherhood* as in the orphanage. She says that there can be no happy combination, Anne; that when you take one course you lose forever the other; and, my dear, the sad part was that I could not for the life of me tell her that she had chosen the wisest course. And now, I must close and take a little time to think over this problem, for I know 'tis not a happy state for a young girl's mind.

Good-night, dear,

ALICIA.

P. S.: I just received your letter, saying Ralph would be at the Conrads for Christmas. I'm so glad he is to be near me, but an orphan lady in an orphanage can furnish little in the way of entertainment. The Conrads are very wealthy and I hear quite gay. Do you know Billy has been telling me all day about some young man he saw at the train yesterday who helped Gwen with her packages. Billy seen

to be violently jealous, thinking his own young self plenty capable of doing it. It seems Billy said something to me about Gwen's taking him up to the Conrads in the Ford, but I don't know. Billy's over-frequent remarks have come to make no more impression on me than the wind, only just dimly impressing themselves on my subconscious mind. But Anne, I wonder now that I've gotten your letter if that young man could have been your Ralph. And, Anne, do tell me what Fraternity it is that Ralph is soliciting money for from old Judge Conrad. I do get so mixed up about them, their queer names and funny letters, and youth does so resent and pity such forgetfulness.

Dec. 23rd.

Just a little note to tell you that it was Ralph, and, Anne, I must congratulate you on your handsome, splendid son! He came up yesterday afternoon to see his old aunt. He is charming, Anne. Seemed so interested in everything about my work and told me all about the house party at the Judges', and was so bouyant and full of life. Gwen came dancing in with Billy, both rosy and breathless after a romp. It came to me then when I saw those two handsome young people together what kindred souls they were, both so wrapt up in the very fact of living and they looked most charming together. Gwen was shyder than I have ever seen her though I have never known her to look more lovely.

Ralph says he is coming to see me every day while he is here and twice or three times if I'll let him.

Dec. 24th.

Christmas Eve, and I'm so wonderfully happy, Anne. Everything has been so lovely. Do you know that that enterprising son of yours induced the doting Judge to give my children a big Christmas tree and Christmas dinner? The whole house-party has been over here this afternoon. We had a heavy snow storm last night and the boys and girls came over in sleighs. The children watched them drive up the lane from the upstairs windows, and I could not help but feel a

stab of pain in my heart when I saw the contrast between those pale, pinched, starved little faces, and the healthy young beauty of the older boys and girls. And I thought again, as I have often lately, of Gwen's theory of the laughing brotherhood and wished that I could convince myself that real joy in living and true unselfishness could go hand in hand. But, Anne, I just could not! Tell me, dear, am I losing my faith? Anne, will Gwen slowly lose her youth and great beauty and— but I must go on and tell you about everything.

Well, the boys and girls tumbled in, bearing arm-loads of red-berried holly and mistletoe and evergreens. Gwen and Ralph came a bit behind in a sleigh by themselves. It was the beginning of a whole day of being a bit behind and by themselves all the time.

Well, lots of the girls went down to the kitchen and they baked cakes (great lovely ones!), and stuffed dates and figs and made lots of different kinds of delicious looking candies. The boys did the decorating and they had the place such a mass of green and red and such a profusion of bells and spangles you would not have recognized the old place. And the tree—the tree is wonderful! Ralph and Gwen did that with the aid of the ever faithful Billy. It is a dream of loveliness and stands in the midst of the living room like a beautiful bride in the midst of a forest of green and garnet.

It is late now and every one has gone except Ralph, and he is staying to help Gwen put the presents on the tree. So I must bid you good-night.

Merry Christmas to you all,

ALICIA.

Later.

It is twelve o'clock—Christmas morning, but I just had to add a few lines and tell you. Anne, I went downstairs awhile ago, and thinking Ralph and Gwen had gone, went into the little alcove right next to the room where the Christmas tree is and played over a few of the dear old Christmas carols that mean the very soul of Christmas to me. A little later I slipped into the living-room to see that the fire was all right, and—oh, Anne, it was so lovely in there; the banks

of holly and evergreens, and in the middle the lovely tree with the firelight flashing on its tinsel and pretties. Gwen was in my big chair—she was so lovely there in the warm firelight with a bit of holly in her hair and the light of love shining out of her great eyes. And, Ralph; well, Ralph was sitting on the arm of her chair, and Anne, the two handsome young heads were very, very near together. I do hope you won't mind, dear, because they are both so good and sweet, but I just tipped away and left them. I was probably not the ideal chaperon, but— well, Anne, we must remember that we, too, were young once.

Jan. 6th.

MY DEAR SISTER:

The clouds have cleared away and I see the sun shining afar off! Gwen is so happy now. She has regained all of that vivid animation and belief in the good of her work that she used to have before this fever of discontent came over her. And she has every bit as much enthusiasm and youthful exuberance of spirits that she used to have before she undertook the serious things of life. She says she is a member of the Laughing Brotherhood again! And, Anne, my dear, she has come to believe and know that the two things can go hand in hand, happiness and unselfishness.

But, my dear, she is wearing some sort of a queer little pin that Ralph gave her. It is just a tiny trinket. You must tell me, my dear, what it means, for Gwen seems to treasure it so highly, and this old lady must not be so ignorant and behind the times.

Hoping you had the merriest Christmas in the world.

Love to you all.

Your devoted sister,

ALICIA.

Christmas—Everywhere

KATHERINE WADDELL, '21

"You git out a dis hyar kitchen, Miss Ethel. You done worked yerself plumb nigh to death," scolded Aunt Patience, chopping raisins with vigor. "Jes' let go thet pan, and do as I tells yer."

"Oh, Aunt Patience," Ethel pleaded, "I am not at all tired, and I just must make the icing for my Lady Baltimore cake. Isn't it a beauty? It's father's favorite, you know, and I want to make his special kind of icing, too—thick and hard, and fudgy—"

Aunt Patience shook her head reproachfully. "Now, Miss Ethel," she said, "Your pa don't want no icin' what his li-l girl done wore herse'f out to make. 'Deed he don't! You ken make it tomorrow jes' as well. Lord knows, you mus' be tired, after all the decoratin' an' sech what you done today. You jes' go an' res' till time for supper, like the sweet li'l girl what you is."

"All right, then, I suppose I must, since you are running me out of the kitchen." Ethel put down the pan, and took off her apron. "But I'll be back here in the morning, first thing, to bother you some more," reproachfully.

"Law, honey, you ain't no bother at all! You'se a blessin', that's what you is! What would ole miss a done widout you to stay wid her all winter, when all her chillun is away? Seem like Providence mus' a sent you! Bless her li'l heart, all time thinkin' about other folks," Aunt Patience mumbled to herself, as Ethel slipped out of the room. "She mought a stayed in de city, if'n her kind heart hadn't a sent her out here in de country to stay wid her gran'ma. Jus' out a school, too. De Lawd will sho' repay de deeds o' de righteous." Aunt Patience put her cake in the stove and started grating cocoanut for her pies, singing softly to herself as she worked:

"Rescue de perishin',
Care for de dying."

In the drawing-room, Grandma was putting the last touches to the decorations on the big cedar Christmas tree in the corner. The

wood fire crackled softly in the hearth, and shed a faint glow on the big gray cat lying on the rug.

It was that hour just before dark, when all the world seems to wait for the day to die.

Grandma went to the window, and stood looking out in the snow covered world. She sighed as she turned away from the wintry scene, and Ethel, coming in the door, exclaimed, "Why, Granny, what a big, sorrowful sigh! What's the matter? How can you feel sad, with all this Christmas cheer around you?" Grandma sighed again, and then smiled, "What a foolish old woman I am, dearie," she said. "You are right. I ought to be perfectly happy—but I can't, when my dear baby boy won't be here for Christmas. Bless his heart. How we shall miss him! He has always been the life of our Christmas reunions. Oh, dear, you don't know how it is—If I could only keep my babies all young, so they'd never go away and leave me!" She went to the fire-place, and stirred the embers to new life. They crackled, and a flame leaped up, shone on a sparkling bauble on the tree, and died down.

"Never mind, Grandma, Lester will be here for New Year, I know," murmured Ethel, consolingly.

Grandma put a fresh log on the fire, and watched it catch and start burning.

"Well, child, I musn't get the blues; so let's be a little more cheerful. How many packages did we get, today? The postman was loaded down!" She pointed to a large pile of packages of every shape and size, under the Christmas tree. Ethel clapped her hands, joyfully.

"I can hardly wait till Christmas!" she declared. "Sam says the Yule log is a beauty. He says he believes it will burn a month—it's so big! Isn't the holly lovely? I wonder who'll be the first caught under the mistletoe!"

* * * * *

"I say, Steve! It's the dickens to be away from home this time of the year, isn't it, old fellow?" Lester shut his book with a snap.

"Sure is!" Steve agreed, lighting a cigarette, and leaning back in his chair. "I prefer the army to these half-busy, half-idle days we spend around here. If we could only get this darned deal through, we could both go home for Christmas."

"No such luck," his partner responded, gloomily, "We'll stick through the holidays, I bet my bottom dollar. I got a letter from home this morning, and the mater is heart-broken because I won't be there for Christmas. You know, I haven't been home since I got my discharge, and I think it is high time for me to become acquainted with my family again."

Steve blew smoke rings thoughtfully, and then turned to Lester.

"I'll tell you what, old pal," he said, "you go on home and I'll manage things alone—"

"You bet your life I won't!" Lester interrupted quickly.

"We'll stick together, and don't you forget it! If you can't see your folks, then I won't see mine."

A soft knock on the door interrupted the conversation at this point.

"Come in," called Steve—"Oh, Miss Lane," to the brown and gold vision that met their eyes. "Come right in! I had forgotten all about those letters, and they ought to go off tonight. Have a seat while I sign them."

Miriam Lane, as she stood framed in the door-way, looked more like a nymph or a fairy than just an ordinary private secretary.

Her dimpled face was surrounded by a mass of golden hair. Her brown eyes had a serious, almost sad expression while her sweet mouth seemed almost ready to smile. Her serge dress was of dark brown which matched her eyes and made her hair seem all the more golden.

Lester looked, everyday, at this vision of loveliness with increasing interest. Steve had told him her story. How she had come to New York from Red Bank, a little Jersey town, after the death of her father, which had left her penniless. Lester admired her pluck and perseverance. He knew it must have been hard those first days, searching for employment in that big city where she was never alone, but always lonesome. Steve told him, also, of her homesickness.

At first she had enjoyed the prospect of adventure and life, but that soon wore off, and in its place came an implacable longing for the simple people and the simple ways to which she was accustomed. Life—real Life, is not all glitter and show, not rushing through one crowded day to face another of the same kind the next morning.

Miriam sat down in a low chair near the door, and let her dreamy eyes wander to the window. Lester watched her; and as he gazed, a daring thought came into his brain—daring because, in his heart, though he would not admit it even to himself—he was afraid of this beguiling, innocent, and altogether loveable girl.

“Er—er—Miss Lane,” he offered stumbly. “How about taking in a show, this evening, if you have nothing else to do?”

“Oh,” she said, and smiled—such a smile! “I would be delighted; but I have a lot of work to do tonight. I am so awfully sorry.” “Thank you,” to Steve, as he gave her the letters. “I will send them off, right away,” and she went out, taking all the sunlight with her.

“Old fellow, I believe you are smitten hard,” Steve said, as the door closed.

“Well, I’ll admit that I think she is a pretty nice little girl,” and Lester turned back to his books, with a sigh. But he didn’t work long, for always a sweet face, surrounded by golden curls, smiled at him from the pages.

“By George,” he exclaimed, at last jumping up, “I’ve got to get out, and get some exercise! I’ve been reading these darned books all day.” He picked up his hat, and started towards the door. “I’ll see you later, Steve. I have an appointment at five o’clock.”

But if you had seen Lester at five o’clock you would have thought that his appointment was with the florist! He was having roses,—a wilderness of them, sent to Miss Miriam Lane’s boarding place, on the East Side.

* * * * *

After many attempts and repulses, Lester had succeeded in getting on friendly terms with Miriam. But always, she was reserved and rather distant. She felt that she ought not to let herself fall in love with Lester. Though he had shown in numberless small ways that

he did, she only half believed that he loved her;—who could tell about a young man in a big city like New York? Probably he was lonesome, and liked her companionship. No doubt, he had a sweetheart waiting for him “Back home,” that wonderful place about which he was always talking.

It was the day before Christmas Eve, and the streets were filled with merry, jostling crowds of shoppers. Christmas was in the air. Even up in Steve’s and Lester’s office there was a bit of holiday cheer, for a boy had just brought in a big box of holly and Christmas greens, addressed to “Mr. Lester Reeves,” and marked “From, Mrs. John Reeves, Pinewild, North Carolina.”

“Bless her heart,” Lester remarked to the room in general, “it was just like mother to send it. Gee! but it makes me homesick,” but it wasn’t until later that he discovered that it made somebody else homesick, too.

Coming into his office, that afternoon, after a business trip down town, he found Miriam crying over the big box of evergreens.

She didn’t hear Lester come in, and didn’t see him until he was very close, and then—it was too late!

“Little girl,” he whispered tenderly. “Don’t cry so. It’s Christmas, dear.”

“Yes, I know,” said a muffled voice from somewhere near his heart. “That’s why I’m crying. I w-w-want to go h-h-home!”

“So do I,” he murmured, his face on her hair. “Let’s go together!”

Then followed an interlude, in which no word was spoken, but they were, nevertheless, very, very happy.

“But how can you leave Steve?” It was a half hour later, and they were sitting together on the couch.

“Oh, didn’t I tell you?” he said. “His family is going to be here for Christmas, and he says for me to go on home, so I can be with mine.”

“It’s a happy Christmas for everybody,” Miriam murmured softly.

* * * * *

The Yule log crackled merrily; but nobody heard it, because there was such a racket in Grandma's old-fashioned drawing room, that it was impossible to hear one's self think.

Aunt Min. was surrounded by a crowd of sticky, tumbled, and happy children, clamoring for a story. They had eaten fruit and candy until even their insatiable appetites were satisfied.

The walking doll had walked until her springs had given out; the top had spun until spinning was an impossibility; the doll baby-cart was wheelless, and as Ethel said, "Everything had done its Christmas duty."

Cousin Joe was entertaining a group with a hunting story; and Ethel and a crowd of young folks were singing Christmas songs, at the piano.

Nearest the fire sat Grandma; on one side Lester, and on the other side, Miriam.

The newly-married couple were unashamedly holding hands across the back of the old lady's chair!

Grandma said she was getting acquainted with her new daughter, and reacquainted with her youngest son.

"It sounds like a case of love at first sight," she said, smilingly.

"Oh, it was on my part," Lester agreed, heartily.

"And mine!" Miriam squeezed her husband's hand, unabashed, though Cousin Joe and the crowd of cousins—the hunting story finished—were descending on them.

"It is so wonderful to have all my children together, again," Grandma sighed, contentedly.

The fire leaped up and glowed on the happy family group.

Lester smiled into his little wife's eyes.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," joyfully sang the young voices at the piano.

Such is Life

WINIFRED WADDELL

"You are on your honor, girls, not to say a word after you enter that door. Any girl who speaks may hand me her name at the end of the period."

* * * * *

"Wasn't it lovely of Mrs. Greene to give this dinner for us? Gee! I'm so hungry. She knows what we want when we get out of school, I'll tell the world."

"Yes, she's a dear. I'm sick of dances. If only people would realize how hungry we are when we come home from school, they would give us more dinners and fewer dances."

Louise and I were putting a finishing touch to our toilettes before descending to the scene of festivity. Louise, looking unusually pretty in her new lavender satin dinner dress, was taking up all the room at the mirror. I tried to elbow myself in front of her, to get a better view of my first black dress, the pride of my soul. With a hasty dab of powder to her already white nose and a satisfied pat on her hair, she prepared to descend to the hall. I hurried after her and we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing room together.

Mrs. Green had paired us off with two of the nicest boys in town, and everything was perfect. But when we entered the dinning-room and were seated at the table, which looked gorgeous with its array of snowy linen, silver and cut-glass, I forgot my partner, forgot everything but the gnawing appetite I had acquired at school, and which was soon to be satisfied.

My partner and I were placed at the right of our host, and Louise and hers opposite us. Fruit cocktail came first, and then soup, but it was when the turkey was brought in and placed before Mr. Greene that my joy knew no bounds. I glanced at Louise and saw mirrored in her face exactly what I knew was in mine. I forgot to talk to my partner and became all eyes.

At last Mr. Green was through carving, and we were ready to begin. I had a goodly portion of white meat on my plate. I cut into it with my knife, lifted a delicious morsel on my fork—

Clang! Clang! I awoke with a start. I had slept through a whole period of study hall.

The St. Mary's Muse

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Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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EDITORIAL

We didn't think the three months would ever pass, did we? But here it is almost Christmas, and we wonder where the time has flown. Just a day or two and we will be attending the Christmas tree in the gym, packing our trunks to go home, listening to the Seniors' Christmas carols, and last but not least, boarding our train with happy hearts and beaming faces. And then—we will see the dear faces of those we love best in the world, and for a happy interval do all the things we like best to do, in the place we like best to be.

The time will pass quickly, and we shall have hardly gotten used to home when the time will roll around for us to return to school. Of course, we all have a sinking feeling when we think of that. But before we become *too* dejected, let us ask ourselves a few questions: Do we consider the three months wasted? Have we not made some friendships that we would hate to give up? Would we be willing to forget St. Mary's and all of its associations? And isn't St. Mary's, after all, the very nicest school we know of?

And coming back has charms of its own. The Old Girls know, and the New Girls can imagine how much fun it is to see "everybody" again. Do you remember how excited the Old Girls were over coming back in September? Well, it is just as exciting for *everybody* after Christmas.

Christmas! that magic word! It holds a multitude of happy suggestions; cozy fire-sides, holly, mistletoe, gifts, friends, mother, home! We can heartily say with the poet, "Thank God for Christmas!"

THE CHRISTMAS DOLL

Written by KATHERINE WADDELL and as presented by the Senior Class
in the Auditorium December 18

ACT I.

Curtain goes up. Five Brownies dance onto stage, line up in front and sing:

We're a jolly band of brownies, of brownies, of brownies,
A jolly band so full of glee,
There're surely none so gay as we,
We've got the pep, you bet.

(They dance.)

Faint singing is heard in the distance. "Jingle Bells."

Enter five Christmas Bells. Costumes bell-shaped with bottom of skirt wired. Tiny bells jingling at every movement. They come to front of stage and sing:

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the day!
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the day,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

(Brownies and Bells dance together.)

First Brownie: Hist! What is that I hear?

All: Sh-h!

(Sounds from outside: "Whoa, Blitzen. Gee, Fritzen! Whoa, rancer!")

Second Brownie: Santa Claus!

All sing:

Heigho for Santa Claus! Jolly old, furry old, man!
Heigho for Santa Claus! Catch him if you can.

(Enter Santa Claus.)

Santa Claus: Good afternoon to you, my little friends. Christmas is in the air when I see a jolly bunch like you. But, ah, my friends, I am sad this merry Christmas Eve.

First Brownie: Why, Mr. Santa Claus?

Santa Claus: I have just been through yon dark wood, and it grieves my heart to tell you that I have just lost a very valuable thing.

All: Oh!

Santa Claus: There dwells in a cottage on the border of the wood, a little girl with sweet blue eyes and golden curls. Edith is her name. Every day she has written me a letter, begging me to bring her a doll that has real hair and can open and shut its eyes. It pleased me to get the doll for her and I brought it, a pretty china doll, all the way from the North Pole, only to lose it in the dark woods, just at the eve of Christmas. It must have slipped out of my sack in the snow. Little friends, I am sad.

First Brownie: We are so sorry, Mr. Santa Claus.

First Bell: And we, too.

Second Brownie: Isn't there something we can do to help you?

Second Bell: And we, too?

All: Let us search for the doll!

Santa Claus (brightening): By Jove, little friends, that is a happy thought.

(Brownies dance around Santa Claus, singing:)

You just leave it to the Brownies, the Brownies, the Brownies,

Although we oft make blunders

We can accomplish wonders

We'll do it yet, you bet!

(Repeat)

Santa Claus, (rubbing his hands): This is encouraging.

(Bells dance and sing:)

Santa Claus, Santa Claus,

Let us help you, too,

Although we're not so very big

There is lots that we can do.

Santa Claus: You are very kind in your offers to help. Now I think a crowd like you would frighten the little doll. Anyway, I

want a bunch of you to go into the forest and get a Christmas tree for the little girl. I think I'll select one Brownie—here, High Jinx, you're the man for me, and one Bell. Let's see, Tinkle, you are the one I want.

(Tinkle and High Jinx step forward.)

Santa Claus: Mind you do not stay out too late if your search seems fruitless. It is getting dark, and I must begin making my rounds early. Off with you to the forest. (Waves hands at Brownies and Bells.) See that the tree is not too tall for a humble cottage and make haste.

Exit Brownies and Bells, (with the exception of High Jinks and Tinkle) singing:

Jingle Bells, etc.

Santa Claus, (to High Jinx and Tinkle): Farewell, my little friends, God speed you on your way. (Exit.)

Tinkle: We must go, too, High Jinks; 'tis growing late. See the sun hangs in the west like a ball of fire ready to fall and be extinguished.

High Jinks: Let us away.

They sing:

Away, away, into the darkening wood,
The breezes blow,
Fast falls the snow,
But we must hie away, away.
'Tis Christmas Eve and all the Christmas Toys
Will soon be stacked,
In stockings packed,
Of all good girls and boys.
Away, away, into the darkening wood!
The breezes blow.
Fast falls the snow,
But we must hie away.

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

(Scene, a forest. Ground and trees are covered with snow. Enter Tinkle and High Jinx.)

Tinkle: How cold it is here!

High Jinx: And how dark.

Tinkle: Where shall we search? Surely the poor little doll must have fallen somewhere in these bushes. (Goes to clump of bushes.)

(Enter White Rabbit.)

Tinkle and High Jinx: Good afternoon.

White Rabbit: Greetings. (Squeaks.)

High Jinx: I pray thee, forest friend, have you seen anything of a Christmas doll?

Tinkle: With eyes that open and shut and real hair?

White Rabbit: A doll?

Tinkle: Yes. She is very pretty.

White Rabbit: No, no. I have been in the forest all day—since sun up, but I have seen nothing that resembled a doll.

High Jinx: Santa Claus lost her.

Tinkle: And she must be awful cold.

White Rabbit: I am sorry, friends. I'll keep watch for her. Mayhap she is hidden in a hollow tree or log. I must be on my way as I must get home to my children. They will be hanging up their stockings before long. (Hops off.)

Tinkle: And think of poor little Edith hanging up her stocking and there is no doll to go in it.

High Jinx: Think of the poor doll, out in the cold. She must be freezing.

Tinkle: And awful lonely.

High Jinx: Let's look behind that log. Maybe she has fallen to sleep somewhere.

Tinkle: What's that?

(Two snow balls roll in.)

Tinkle and High Jinx: They're snow balls!

Snow Balls sing:

Roll, roll, in the soft, soft snow!
Take a little twirl and away you go!
Skip, trip, and stump your toe—
We're happy as the——when we're in the snow!
(They dance.)

High Jinx: I pray you, merry Snow Balls, have you seen anything of a little Christmas doll?

Tinkle: With eyes that open and close and real hair?

First Snow Ball: A Christmas doll! Pray, what would a doll be doing out in the cold, and night so near?

Second Snow Ball: Pray, what?

Tinkle: Santa Claus lost her, poor dear.

First Snow Ball: Perhaps she is buried in the snow!

Tinkle: Oh no, no! Poor dolly! (Weeps.)

High Jinx: Don't cry, Tinkle. We'll find her, I know. Mayhap these Snow Balls can help us. Can you?

They sing:

What, what, can a Snow Ball do?
We've been in the woods all day, it's true,
But the first thing we've seen is you,
So what in the——can a Snow Ball do?

(They roll off stage singing gayly, "Roll, roll, in the soft, soft, snow," etc.)

High Jinx: Come Tinkle, let us be searching. Maybe we will see some more inhabitants of the forest who can help us in our search.
(They start to right.)

(Enter Christmas Turkey.)

Turkey: Gobble, gobble, gobble!

Tinkle: Oh! (Hides behind High Jinx.)

High Jinx: (boldly) Good day, sir!

Turkey: Good day!

High Jinx: Pray, what are you doing in the wood, sir?

Turkey: I escaped from my coop just in time to avoid an untimely death, sir.

Tinkle: Untimely death! Oh!

High Jinx: Explain yourself!

Turkey: I was fattened and fed for three weeks. All went well. I did not suspect any treachery until today, blind fool that I was. Then I heard the cook and kitchen maid plotting my ruin. I made my plans and escaped as speedily as possible. What a cruel fate I managed to avoid!

Tinkle: Oh, I am so glad!

High Jinx: But have you seen anything of a little Christmas doll?

Turkey: Hm! No. I have seen only a woodman with an axe, and I avoided him right stealthily.

Tinkle: Can you help us to find her?

Turkey: Hm! No. I have my own head to look out for. Gobble, gobble, gobble! (Exit.)

High Jinx: The cold-hearted creature! I hope they catch him.

Tinkle: Oh, High Jinx, don't say that!

High Jinx: Well, I do. How dark it is getting! Will there be no moon tonight?

Tinkle: Sh! Someone is coming!

(Enter Night.)

Night: I am Night. I enfold the earth in the starry folds of my mantle, and set free the perfume winds out of the western gates, to wander over the forests and meadows.

High Jinx: But may we not seek further for the Christmas doll?

Night: Hush! No one is allowed to speak to me but the owl and the whippoorwill.

(Tinkle and High Jinx stand speechless till Night Exits.)

High Jinx: Come, Tinkle, let us rest behind this little bush until the moon comes up.

(They sit down behind bush and go to sleep.)

(Enter Christmas Doll.)

Christmas Doll sings:

I come from the place where Santa Claus
Makes all the Christmas toys,
To fill the empty stockings
Of the little girls and boys.
He had me in his Christmas pack,
But somehow I fell out.
I'm a lonesome Christmas dolly!

I'm a China doll, from the North Pole, far away,
My curls are real and my pretty sash is gay,
And I want to be a present for some one on Christmas Day—
I'm afraid no one will find me!

(Walks to front of stage.)

Christmas Doll: I'm so very, very tired! I've been wandering in the woods for ever so long, and it is in the night, now. Some dear little girl won't have a doll for Christmas morning. I think I will rest behind this bush—I'm so sleepy! Maybe someone will come soon.

(Sits down behind bush on opposite side of stage from Tinkle and High Jinks, goes to sleep.)

(Singing in distance:)

Heigho, the Christmas tree,
To make the little Christmas girl gay.
Heigho, the Christmas tree,
Glad on Christmas day!

(Enter Brownies, dragging Christmas tree.)

First Brownie: Bless my soul! See the tracks in the snow!

Second Brownie: And pray, what is this? (Goes toward bush.)
Why it's a doll!

All: The Christmas Doll!

(Tinkle and High Jinx wake up.)

Tinkle: Oh!

High Jinx: Oh!

Together: Oh! Oh!

Tinkle (sleepily): Is it Christmas?

High Jinx (sadly): We couldn't find the doll.

Tinkle: We looked everywhere.

First Brownie (who has helped the doll out of the snow): Here she is!

Tinkle (running to her): Aren't you freezing, dear?

Christmas Doll: W-where am I? I-I'm afraid!

Tinkle: Don't worry, dear Dolly. We'll take you back to Santa Claus. He has been so worried about you and we've been searching everywhere for you.

Christmas Doll: It must be nearly morning.

High Jinx: Yes and we must take you to Santa Claus right away. Come, let us be going.

(Tinkle takes one arm, High Jinx the other, with two Brownies on each side. They sing:)

A southerly wind and a crimson sky
Proclaim that Christmas is dawning;
Before the day breaketh away we fly
Haste thee, Oh haste thee, 'tis morning.

Hark, hark, hark!

The Christmas bells are ringing!

Hark, hark, hark!

Welcome Christmas morn.

(Tinkle of bells in distance.)

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

Scene: Interior of a humble cottage. Christmas tree, fireplace with glowing fire; little girl with doll in big arm chair in front of fire. Music: "Home, sweet home." Little girl is sleeping.

Voices in distance:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen," etc.

Enter Brownies, Bells, Santa Claus, Snow Balls, etc. Gather round chair with fingers to lips. Dance to front to stage and sing:

"Merry, merry Christmas bells," etc.

(Curtain.)

Curtain goes up for a second. Each Brownie, Bell, etc., holds up a card with a letter on it. Santa Claus is in center. Letters spell:

M E R R Y C H R I S T M A S

(Curtain.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Christmas Doll.....	ELIZABETH NOLAN
The Little Girl.....	ELEANOR COBB
High Jinx.....	FRANCES VENABLE
Tinkle.....	KATHERINE WADDELL
Santa Claus.....	FIELDING DOUTHAT
The Chistmas Turkey.....	FLORIDA KENT
The White Rabbit.....	VIRGINIA JORDAN
The Snowballs.....	{ DOROTHY KIETLAND
	{ SUZANNE PEGUES
Night.....	MABEL MERRITT
	{ SUSAN COLLIER
	{ MAE DEATON
Christmas Bells.....	{ REBECCA HINES
	{ CAROLINE MOORE
	{ KATHERINE WADDELL
	{ ELIZABETH NELSON
	{ ELEANOR TIPLADY
Christmas Brownies	{ FRANCES VENABLE
	{ ELIZABETH CARRIGAN
	{ MISS HESSE

SCHOOL NEWS

The Studio Tea

On November the eleventh a number of the friends of the Art Students received the following invitations:

The Sketch Club will be "At Home"
At half-past four, we hope you'll come,
Just don't forget it's the wit that counts
And come prepared to "use your ounce."

The studio, which always has an atmosphere all its own, was unusually attractive with its decorations of red and yellow autumn leaves.

After the guests arrived and before the conversation had a chance to lag, Dorothy Kirtland, Katherine Waddell, Lucile Dempsey, Sophie Egleston and Sara Philips, representing the five great artists, Leonardo Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio and Raphael respectively, appeared, attired in costumes a la sheet, and ludicrously mimicked and exaggerated the eccentricities of the Art Students.

Then followed a contest displaying the artistic abilities of each person present. Paper pallets, pencils, and two of each number up to twenty-five were distributed. The people receiving corresponding numbers were asked to draw each other. Although there were a number of very good likenesses, Mr. Stone's of Miss Lee headed the list and he was awarded a handsome Ten Cent Store paint-box.

After this the tea table, laden with attractive sups and autumn leaves, and presided over by Miss Fenner, became the center of attraction. Delicious sandwiches were served by the art students, who were dressed in bright colored smocks with white skirts.

The guests were at liberty to wander at will about the Studio, and after viewing the works of art that adorned the walls, and much pleasant chatter, the guests made their adieu, thanking the Sketch Club for a very enjoyable afternoon.

S. P.

November 16-18—The Model Meetings

The first two "Model Meetings" were held in the parlor on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, November 16 and 18. According to the arrangement the Sigma Lambdas held the first meeting.

Elizabeth Carrigan, the Sigma Lambda president, called the meeting to order and gracefully presided. After the roll call and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the business was discussed. The chairmen of the program and membership committees made their reports. Frances Venable, chairman of the preliminary debate committee, spoke very encouragingly of the work done in this direction. After a brief summary of the current events of the week by Margaret Huske, the president announced that "Indians" was the subject of the program. The entire program was interesting and well rendered. Dorothy Baum talked on Indian Legends in her most winning and enthusiastic manner. Selections from Hiawatha's Childhood were vividly and sympathetically recited by Mary Louise Everett. The other numbers on the program, which were also very entertaining, were:

Sun Worshippers.....	Chorus
Land of Sky Blue Water.....	Katherine MacAllister

After this the meeting adjourned. Everyone was very much elated over the first model meeting. The entire audience voted it a very enjoyable program.

On Thursday evening the E. A. P. society held the second meeting. From start to finish the meeting reflected the time and labor that had been spent in its preparation. It was thoroughly business-like. The rendering of their business could not have been improved upon. The topics discussed were vital and interesting ones and the members gave the real zest by their enthusiastic and intelligent discussions. Louise Egleston told of the work that had been done on the MUSE. Their most important item, which was a suggestion that a loving cup be awarded to the society victorious in the inter-society contest, culminated in the appointing of a committee to discuss it with the Sigma

Lambdas. The program which consisted of four numbers on "Gypsies" was:

Gypsies.....	Sophie Egleston
Kipling's Gypsy Trail.....	Evelina Beckwith
Gypsies.....	Dorothy Kirtland
Gypsy Love Song.....	Chorus

Sophie Egleston spoke with much poise. Evelina Beckwith won the applause of the audience by her sweet rendering of "Gypsy Trail." The meeting adjourned after the singing of the E. A. P. song.

Soon after the conclusion of the meeting, the decision of the judges was announced to be unanimously in favor of the E. A. P. society. This victory put quite a feather in their cap and will give much encouragement to their new members. The order and business of their meeting, and the interesting way in which the participants rendered their selections well merited their success. This is the first of the contests between the two societies for the year and gives the E. A. P. a lead of fifteen points. Let the Sigma Lambdas look to their laurels and the E. A. P. keep up their good work, for the contest bids fair to be a very close one.

S. M. C.

First Basket Ball Game

After days of hot discussion between Sigmas and Mus as to who would be the winner of the first games of the season, the excited members of the two associations met in the Gym on Saturday, the 20th of November, for the first double-header, the First and Third Team games. Fate seemed to be trembling in the balance, and each side was anxious to make its "rep" by winning the first games toward basket-ball championship.

The Third Teams were the first on the court, each going with the evident intention of fighting it out to the finish. Indeed this was necessary from the beginning, for the teams were well matched. The Sigmas, however, had better pass work and at the end of the first half the score stood nine to three in their favor. During the second half

the Mus picked up. Eva Lee Glass won the Mus' applause for her splendid work in the center, while Hannah Lilly's sure aim raised the Sigma's excitement to its highest pitch. All of the players, many of whom were new girls, worked hard, giving their associations every reason to be proud of them. The final score, scarcely heard for the enthusiastic yells, was announced 14 to 10 in the Sigma's favor.

Following was the line-up:

<i>Sigma</i>			<i>Mu</i>	
Hairston	}	Centers	{	Glass
Phillips				Gould
Lilly	}	Forwards	{	McCoy
Chandler				Thigpen
D. Nixon	}	Guards	{	Nolan
Pegues				V. Wilkins

The First Teams were fortunate in having every player in the game and in requiring no substitutes for either half. Well matched and each eager for victory, the opposing teams kept the ball going back and forth, from guards to centers, to forwards, and so on. During the first half the suspense was intense, the score at the end of the half being 14 to 12 in the Mus' favor. But in the second half Bessie Brown just "rolled 'em in" so frequently that the Mu score was soon too far ahead to create suspense, at least not on the winning side. On the Sigma's side Madge Blakely starred as forward and Mary Louise Everett and Dorothy Baum as guards. Harriet Barber, as usual, held down the center for the Mus, and Lois Dunnock, especially good at keeping the ball with the Mu forwards, made some splendid shots and showed excellent team work with the other Mu forward, Bessie Brown. "Budge's" insistent "time up" brought the game to an abrupt close. The score was announced 36 to 16 in favor of the Mus. After a few scattering cheers for their opponents and for the

teams, the Sigmas and Mus went out eagerly discussing the game just over and those in prospect, and the crowd dispersed.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>			<i>Mu</i>	
Ballou	} Centers	{	Kent
Hawkins				Barber
M. Brown	} Forwards	{	B. Brown
Blakely				Dunnoch
Everett	} Guards	{	Venable
Baum				Villepigue

The new cheer leaders elected by each association and who directed the yells with great success are as follows: Sara Keller and Marietta Gareissen for the Mus; Martha Best, Eunice Collier and Susanne Pegues for the Sigmas.

F. K.

The Circus

On Saturday night, November 25, the "World's Greatest Circus," whose arrival had been heralded by a gay poster on the bulletin board, gave a most entertaining performance. The circus ground—we cannot call it "Gym," so disguised was it by circus paraphernalia—was the scene of much excitement when the "flap to the main tent," in other words the sheets over the door, was lifted and disclosed to the expectant crowd a real sawdust ring. A special band, Pied Piper Junior, directed by Mabel Hawkins, had been procured for the occasion and was enlivening the whole atmosphere with its latest musical hits. Dorothy Baum, the eloquent ring master, came out and made a most dramatic speech about the wonders of the performances which were to follow. First on the program were the fetching young horseback riders, Mmes. Caroline Moore and Hamlin Landis, who gave a graceful demonstration of bareback riding. Their steeds, imported stick horses of Arabian stock, were managed perfectly by these skillful ladies. Next, two marvelously trained monkeys, By Gosh and By Jingo, Mmes. Dougherty and Gareissen respectively, won great

applause as with much ease and rapidity they ascended a perilous rope and went through all manner of tricks. No circus is complete without its clown, and this circus possessed a most extraordinary one in the person of Hobo, who afterwards proved to be Dorothy Kirtland. Hobo made his triumphal entrance in a barrel and brought forth roars of laughter by his ludicrous attempts at getting his feet disentagled, and by various other pranks and mishaps. Then came the remarkable "Acrobats of Pedagogy," who came leaping in and went through a series of hair-raising and difficult stunts. One member of the troupe, Boykin, covered "himself" with glory and sawdust, by his remarkable and miraculous back bending feats.

Following this was an intermission. The audience was given the opportunity to "take in" the sideshows. One end of the circus ground was curtained off, and such sights and sounds there were behind these curtains! The Wild Woman, the Fat Lady, Swimming Match, Cigarette Fiend and others came up to the highest expectations aroused by the posters in front. Outside the sideshow tent, the cries of the ice-cream venders and peanuts and pop-corn ladies drew the crowd to their booths. The appetizing odors from the hot dog stand was advertisement enough, and the memory of Thanksgiving boxes was effaced as all clamored for the refreshments so attractively offered.

Soon the Ring Master's whistle summoned the crowd back to the ring, and munching peanuts, the spectators pressed forward with much interest to see what new marvel would present itself. Slowly the elephant ambled into the ring, led by the ape, and was made to dance and cut capers. This elephant, Elizabeth Thomas and Elizabeth Carrigan, the strangest in captivity, obeyed no human voice and hence the ape, Virginia Weymouth, was trained to give orders. Maud, a most realistic donkey, was coaxed in by a red and white clown, Fielding Douthat. Prizes were offered to anyone who could ride Maud, but there were not many volunteers after the first two or three would-be riders were pitched unmercifully to the sawdust. A blood-curdling, hair-raising race between the hare and the tortoise, Susan Collier and Susan Fitchett, took place. These animals were descendants of the original racers made famous in history. As in the fable,

the tortoise came out victorious, and was presented with a silver loving cup.

Loud screams of "It's loose!" were heard from the region back of the ring, and Hobo came dashing out pursued by Dempsey, the black cat, a most ferocious animal. After the two disturbers had been hustled out of the way, Polly of the Circus, Elizabeth Lawrence, danced most charmingly.

As a grand finale, the entire troupe of performers, circus people and animals, paraded around the ring, and in a most appropriate speech the Ring master bade farewell to the appreciative audience. Thus in a final burst of jazz the performance was at an end.

F. P. V.

November 4th—The Class Parties

On Saturday evening, November 4th, the Sophomores were invited by the Seniors to a "good time" in the parlor. The room was decorated with autumn leaves and pine, giving it a festive atmosphere. During the evening, between the dancing, a flower contest was held. Each girl was to fill in the missing link of Mary's diary with the name of an appropriate flower. Miss Bottum's botany pupils here showed their superior knowledge of "things botanical." So many of the wise Sophomores proved efficient, that the twenty perfect ones were obliged to draw for the lucky number. Eva Lee Glass was the fortunate one, and the prize was a dainty framed verse. After this delicious sandwiches and punch were served. During the evening the Pied Piper Junior furnished music which was greatly enjoyed by the guests. All too soon the bell rang, and the Sophomores bade their hostesses good-night, declaring they had spent a delightful evening.

Meanwhile, in the lobby upstairs, Old Mother Goose reigned. The Juniors had invited the Freshmen:

Freshmen, girls and boys, come out and play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day.
Come with a whoop, come with a call;
Come with a good will, or not at all!

Jack, the Pumpkin Eater, Little Miss Muffet, Bo-Peep, Little Red Riding Hood, Little Boy Blue, and many more of Mother Goose's characters appeared as mortals for a short time.

Rose lights shed a soft glow, and the decorations of holly lent the Spirit of Christmas, as well as the contest, that of pinning on Old Kris Kringle's tongue. Rachel Moore finally found his mouth, and received as her reward a dainty box of powder.

Huge sticks of peppermint, the joy of the owners and the envy of the rest, were dispersed by Margaret Huske, costumed as the Old Woman in the Shoe, and her helpers attired as her family. Mabel Hawkins and her accommodating Pied Piper, Jr., added to the enjoyment of all. The dancing continued until the first flash, when the Mother Goose folk, like elves at the first bird call, reluctantly retired to the pages of Mother Goose.

Down in the gym the Preps, according to the custom of many years, entertained themselves. Attired as little boys and girls, they enjoyed themselves hugely. Dancing and two contests were the program of the evening. The first contest was that of pinning the elusive tail on Master Bunny. This a young visitor from Raleigh accomplished, winning a cupid as prize. Then blind-folded, each person tried to hit a bag of peanuts, which difficult feat was accomplished by another of the young visitors.

Peanuts, popcorn, the infants joy, all-day suckers, the ever welcome ice cream sandwiches, and the forbidden joy of chewing gum were indulged in. The Pied Piper Juniors, who rightfully belong to the Preps, furnished the latest jazz music for dancing.

E. L. G.

December 11th—Sigmas Win Second Team Game

On Saturday night, December 11th, the second teams met for their first conflict of the season. All the members of both teams were on the floor and showed the result of much practice. Daisy Cooper played an unusually good game and bids fair to make a reputation on account of her athletic ability. Marjorie Nixon and Minette Thompson responded almost every time to the Sigma yell,

"Oh, the Sigmas must have one more goal before we go away." The sureness of Nixon's aim in throwing long distance goals was the outstanding feature of the game. Both teams had snappy, quick pass work. Margaret Wood and Julia Winston Ashworth starred for the Mus. The game resulted in a score of 14 to 23 in the Sigma's favor.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
Powell, M.	}Centers.....	{ Nelson Wood, M.
Boykin, F.		
Nixon, M.	}Forwards.....	{ Gareissen Langley
Thompson		
Cooper	}Guards.....	{ Ashworth Gilchrist
Yarborough		
S. M. C.		

NEWS ITEMS

We have been glad to welcome back a large number of the members of the class of '20. Every one of them has been with us for at least a day or two with the exception of Patty Sherrod, Sara Davis and Eugenia Thomas. Nancy Lay, Jane Toy and Nina Cooper were among our latest visitors. They came for the first basket-ball game, and stayed over the week-end. "Muffins" paid us a visit on the twenty-seventh of November, and was here for the Circus. We hardly dare call "Muffins" other than "Miss Moffit" now, as she tells us that she is a dignified "school marm."

Thanksgiving was a holiday much enjoyed by everybody, and the service in the chapel was an appropriate beginning of a happy day. Everybody paused a minute to think of the things we have to be thankful for, before entering into the festivities of the day. Numerous and bounteous were the "feasts" that everybody attended. Everything good to eat that can be imagined abounded in school on that day and for many days after, for it seemed that every girl's mother had given special attention to the preparation of the one and only "box" her hungry daughter could have during the year besides at Easter. We hope we will be remembered as bountifully then!

Miss Davis and her Private-Expression pupils deserve praise for the little play, "The Ladies of Cranford," which was given in the Auditorium on November 18th. Fielding Douthat was especially good as "Miss Mattie," and Margery Wilkins won applause as her maid. All of the cast took their parts cleverly. The play was amusing and entertaining as was evinced by the appreciation of the audience.

We have acquired at last a thing that we have long been striving for, and that is a uniform, well made chapel cap of mohair. The nondescript head gear, ranging from a middy tie to a georgette hat, is a thing of the past, and we certainly make a more presentable appearance in chapel than formerly.

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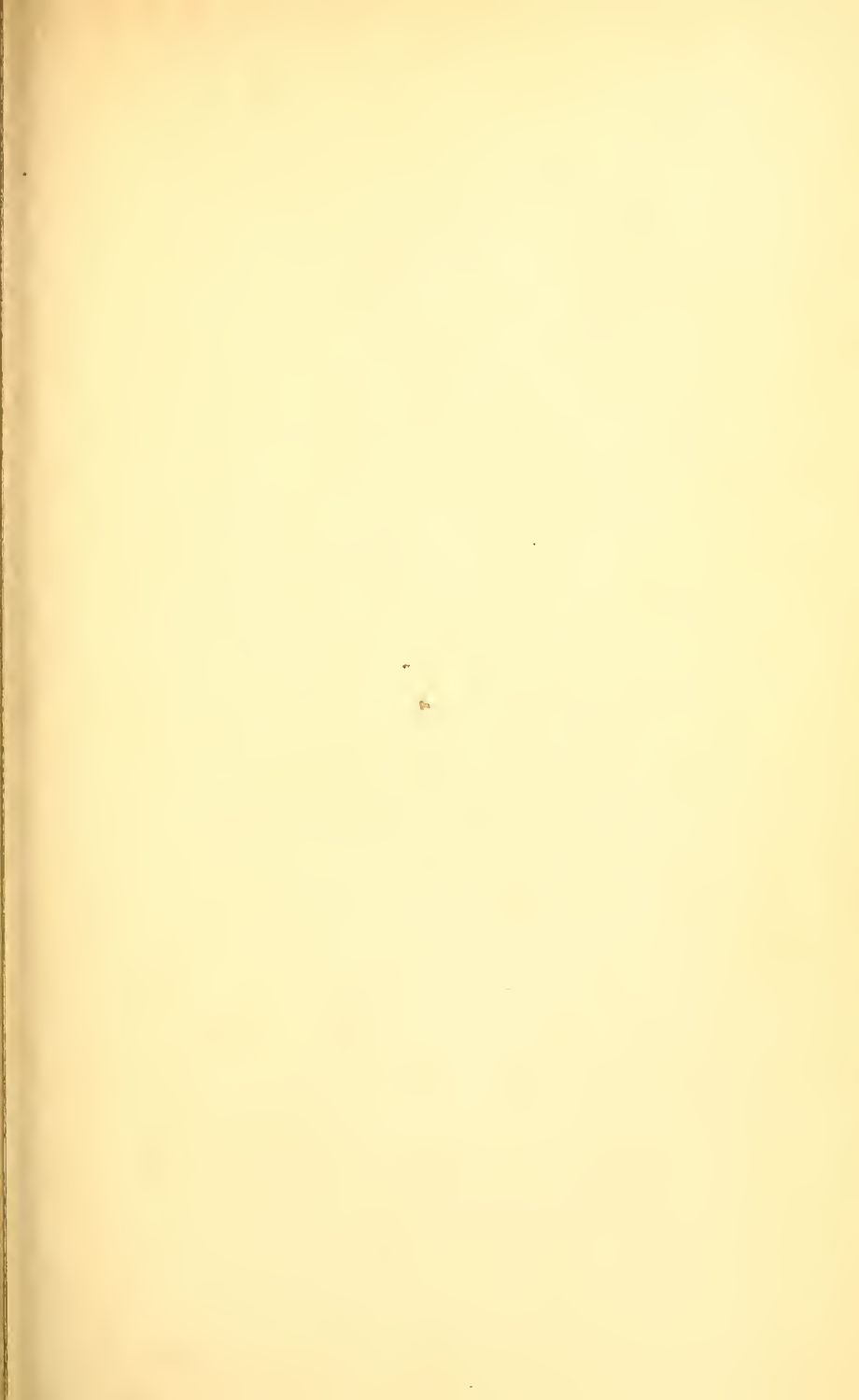
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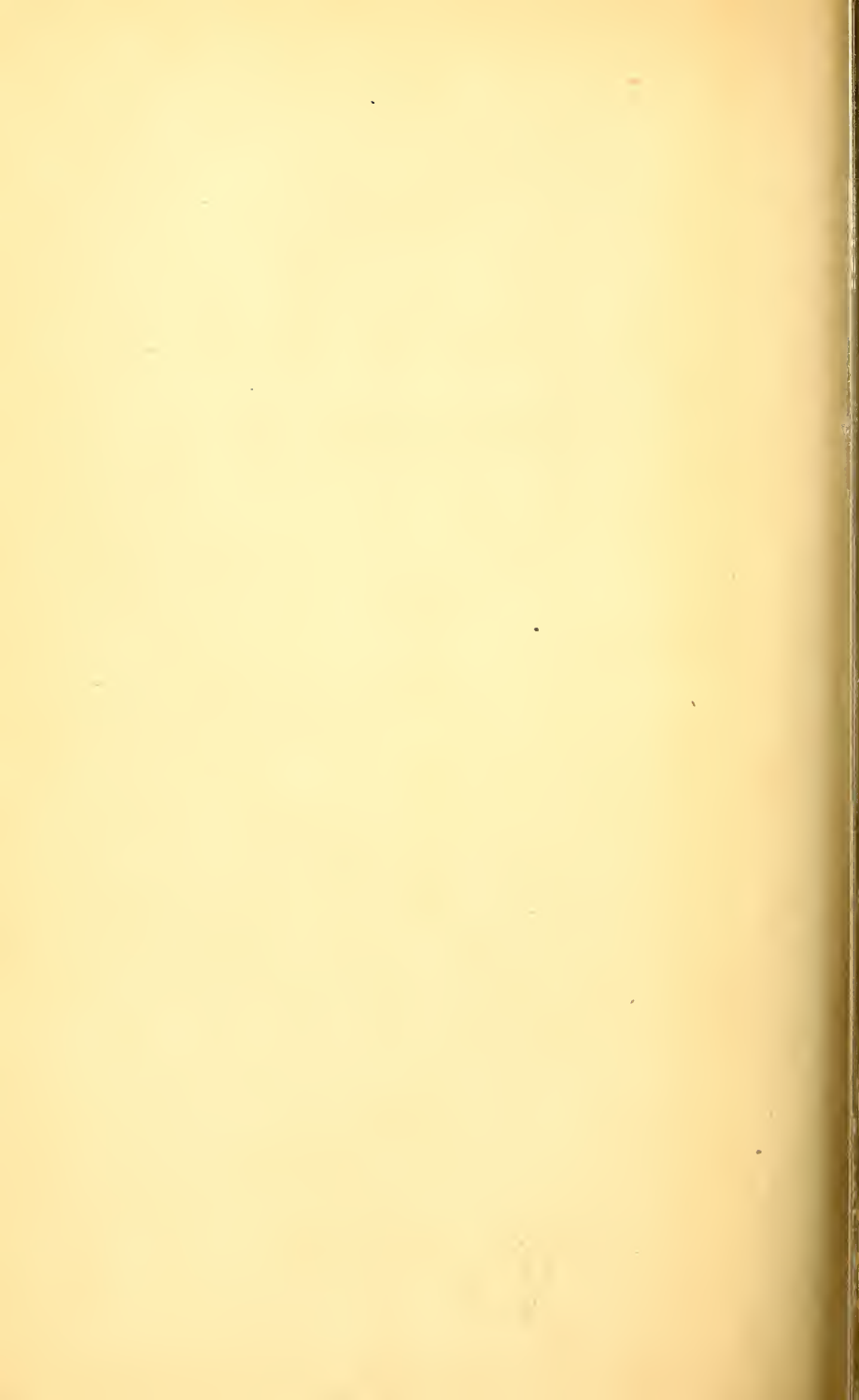
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St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

Mid-Winter Number

January-February, 1921

School Calendar, 1920-21

JANUARY 4TH TO EASTER

- January 4, Tuesday—School duties resumed after holidays.
January 10, Monday—Peace-St. Mary's concert. Miss Rumsey.
January 15, Saturday—Basketball. First and third teams.
January 17, Monday—Schumann-Heink concert.
January 20-22, Thursday-Saturday—Mid-term examinations.
January 29, Saturday—Return class parties.
February 5, Saturday—Kreisler concert.
February 7, Monday—"Stunt Night."
February 8, Tuesday—Shrove Tuesday. Colonial Ball.
February 9, Wednesday—Ash Wednesday. Lent begins.
February 10-March 27—Lenten season. Special services.
 Talks by Rector—Wednesday and Friday afternoons.
 Morning Watch—Wednesday and Friday mornings.
 Mission Study Classes—Friday evenings.
February 19, Saturday—Basketball. Second teams.
March 3, Thursday—Annual Inter-Society debate.
March 10-15, Thursday-Tuesday—Spring holidays.
March 20, Sunday—Palm Sunday.
March 27, Sunday—Easter.



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The St. Mary's Muse

MID-WINTER NUMBER

VOL. XXVI

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1921

No. 4

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

LOUISE A. EGLESTON, *Editor*

Dot's Diary and Dick

JULIA ANDREWS MARKS

DEAR DIARY:—It is September 6th, and Myra's last night here. Am I sorry she is going home tomorrow? I cannot say that I am. She is on the porch now with Dick. They're eating up all the candy that Bob gave me and she is pretending it's hers. I thought it was a joke at first when I let her wear Dick's Kappa Sig. pin. But it isn't a joke any more. He has not even noticed that I have stopped wearing it and he thinks she is "an adorable vampire" (he said so not five minutes ago), because she has her ring and pin and my two pins. I declare, the only way to keep a man interested is by making him think there is a whole tribe of others interested too. Horrors! She is kissing him good-night! Alas! Maybe he is kissing her! Oh, again! Ye gods! I must run to bed now. It would be terrible for her to come upstairs and find me sitting here on the top step writing up my diary. She thinks diaries are silly anyway.

September 7.—Well, I am furious! I feel like knocking out a window, or getting drunk, or doing something perfectly unspeakable. Dick asked Myra last night to let him take us to the train, so she begged me to let her keep my pin till we got to the station. She promised to slip it to me then, so I had to let her wear it. She returned my other one, just some little old aviator's wings which used to look pretty before she wore all the silver polish off of them, so I wore those. Well, we rode to the station, *and I sat alone on the*

back seat just like I was the washerwoman, or chaperone, or most anything. Isn't that insulting? In the excitement of saying goodbye, she absolutely refused to understand what I meant when I winked at my pin. My efforts to secure my lost jewelry were ignored. Now she will go home and tell everybody that that pin "belongs to the darlingest Kappa Sig. she ever saw"—and I guess that's true. When we had told Myra and the pin goodbye, I was so exasperated I wouldn't say a word. Then, what do you think? Just because I was the only girl in sight, Dick began paying attention to me. He paid so much attention, in fact, that he discovered I wasn't wearing his pin. I made up some little white lies about having forgotten it for once. He didn't like that, so we fussed. I hope I'll never see him again. I've found out what a flirt he is and I guess he was getting ready to ask for his old pin so he could send it to Myra, too, but I stopped speaking to him, so he couldn't ask for it.

September 8.—Dick called up today and I answered the phone, but I had him told that I was out, because I cannot explain the thing to him. Mother has almost decided to let me go to New York for a month or two with Aunt Dorothy. I have changed my mind about staying at home, too. Eighteen is really awful young for a girl to start spending her winters at home. It's so suggestive.

September 9.—Bought a new evening dress today for the dance tomorrow night. Certainly am glad Myra won't be there. It's nerve-wracking, to say the least, to have a popular visitor whom you are in duty bound to introduce to every boy present, although you are perfectly sure that she will literally kidnap all the desirable ones. Well, I guess I'll have a few faithful Fidos, myself, when they see that blue and gold tulle I'm going to "sic" them with tomorrow night. I'll wear my aviator's wings pinned at the top of my dress *in the back*, so they'll think me utterly indifferent to men and the jewelry, which shows their love. Then, when they dance with me, I will contradict all those ideas with a smile. Men do so love women who keep them guessing.

September 10.—Oh, if I could only dance all night I'd be completely happy! I'm dead tired, but it was marvelous! Dick came

to the dance and stayed about fifteen minutes. He didn't want to speak to me but I was chatting with three of the choicest ones by the punch bowl the whole time he was there. He could not bear to leave without getting any punch, so we had to speak to each other, as we are both conservative and like to avoid scenes in public. However, he only said, "Hey, Dot, I'm going out of town." I said, "Hey, so am I." Anyway, the dance was grand! Good-night!

September 11.—Arose at twelve this morning, as is proper for society ladies. After lunch mother and I went shopping and I bought a suit, dress and hat, and will get anything else I need in New York. Now, I do not mind saying that's some class for a girl who never has been to New York, and it is positively decided today that I am going.

September 12.—Mother and I went to see Aunt Dorothy this morning and had more fun talking about our trip. She had some elegant clothes and we are planning to stay at The Biltmore, which will break papa absolutely. We leave on the 19th. Oh, goody! Just a week longer. Went with Eva this afternoon to the vaudeville. She had a date last night with Dick and bragged about it the whole time. Girls who do that way make me sick.

Sunday, September 13.—Went to church and Dick sat right across the aisle from us. But he is a Baptist and cannot keep up with us Episcopalians kneeling and standing up so much. It was funny, and unfortunately, I nearly got the giggles when I looked at him once, when we were praying. He was gazing all around with his eyes and mouth wide open (he's so afraid he will miss something sometime), and he saw me watching him. Now, he thinks I was smiling at him and trying to make up. It is a pity boys can't tell when a girl is laughing at them from when she is smiling at them.

We had turkey, ice cream, and the general Sunday dinner, which is had in all the best families, so we asked Aunt Dorothy over and talked some more about New York and how many trunks I should take. We had not thought fit to consider that until she asked the question as I was planning to take only my steamer trunk. Oh, yes, and a suit-case, of course, as I will have an upper berth, so can't dress and fix my hair up there, though I'm imagining it will be awful to walk up the aisle in one's kimono. I thought no more boys were

ever coming to this house since Myra left, but one did come tonight. He wasn't cute, but he brought some candy.

September 14.—Went to Downing's clearance sale of summer lingerie this morning and bought enough to last all winter. Went to Kresses and bought pins, wash rags, hair pins, hair nets, garters, etc., enough to go to Europe with. This afternoon I turned up the hem in my last winter's dress and retrimmed my last winter's hat, which always did look good on me.

September 15.—Eva and I shopped this morning and went to the "movies." She had another date with Dick last night and he told her he was going to New York on the 19th. She didn't say anything about me, 'cause she knew we were mad. She says, "He's darling and has such a precious line." Well, I guess he is trying to make me jealous, rushing her so. Anyway, I hope that is it. Dance tomorrow night, but I'm not a bit excited.

September 16.—Punk dance. Everybody was good to me but Dick and he didn't come near me. He stayed the whole time, too.

September 17.—Heard from Myra today. Says she had a wonderful time visiting me; never can thank me enough. I must come and see her soon and, "Please, dearie, let me keep the pin to wear to the Kappa Sig. dance next Tuesday night. Honestly, I didn't mean to keep it so long, but you and Dick are mad, anyway, aren't you? Thank you so much, darling! I know you're having a wonderful time," etc. Now, isn't that the limit!

September 18.—Packed my trunk today. Terribly excited over that and also over Shaky McKeever, whom I had a date with tonight. All the girls are crazy about him and I think I'll rave over him awhile. One has to have some one to rave over and Shaky is a wonderful dancer and adores me. He told me so and he looked like he meant it, too. We leave tomorrow! Thrills! Thrills! Thrills!

September 19.—On the train—which is jogging my pencil terribly. Well, Dick phoned this morning to tell me that he was going to New York and to say goodbye. Eva had not told him I was going, too. So he said, "How charming!" but was secretly very much surprised and disappointed, as he was only phoning to see if I would mention the frat pin, I think. Well, I didn't. So here we

are, jogging along in the same car, he mostly in the smoker, but speaking accommodatingly when he passes occasionally, and me sitting here reading magazines and writing as hard as I can. Traveling is real exciting but I sure do wish mother and papa were here, too.

September 21.—*The Biltmore*—Dear little diary: You sure have had some experience. You precious thing! And my darling suitcase, too. I never knew before that it was just like Dick's, same color, same shape, same initials, same size, everything! Oh, isn't it wonderful! But, suppose I hadn't put my diary in the darling suit-case. Then Dick's getting the two mixed up and taking mine instead of his would not have done any good at all. Oh, I'm so glad he isn't so honorable that he won't read young ladies' diaries when they are thrust into his hands. Of course, I was awful worried last night, 'cause I didn't know where he was staying, but when he phoned this morning and said he found our address in something (emphasis on the *something*) in the suit-case, everything was all right. I'm going to write Myra for my pin tomorrow.

"Home"

LOUISE EGGLESTON

The doors of shops, factories, offices, department stores, banks and nameless dozens of nondescript places were thrown open to pour onto the already densely crowded streets of a big city their additional mass of busy or shiftless, eager or worn, rich or poor, wise or foolish humanity. It was six o'clock in the afternoon and to every nook and corner of the city pressed on some expectant soul—home!

And as I watched I began to visualize the receptions of a few of the innumerable mass. Home waited for most of them. But what kind of a home? A big home or a rude apology? A happy home, or one maybe not all sunshine? A home with mother and father, brothers and sisters, or one room in a tenement with only oneself—but still "home"? There was no way of telling, but I looked on and let my mind picture the answers at will.

That pale wisp of a girl crossing the street there! Blue serge suit and black hat but a sweet pretty face. I could see her behind a typewriter all day, pink finger tips skillfully playing to the tune of twenty-five dollars a week. And at home, tired, sweet little mother in her faded lavender gingham, waiting for six o'clock and Maisie. Cheap white enameled furniture they had. But two nice sunny rooms and only three flights to get to them! A few treasured pictures, albums and their family Bible, with a few prized books Maisie had collected; that was all, but there was a fire-place, a pretty fire in the winter, and mother. It was home!

Just behind her another woman hurried along; rather unsteadily she walked on the little French heels and very high she tilted a proud little head under the mass of brown feathers some milliner had christened "hat." And under her arm she carried a neatly wrapped, but unmistakably "market-like" parcel. A steak for herself and "Jim," I guessed at once! To be cooked on a shiny oil stove in the kitchenette of the dearest little flat in the world. To be eaten by the adoring Jim with the verdict that his little bride was "the best little housekeeper in the world—made even a two-by-four flat a 'Home'."

"Extra! Extra!" a little newsboy called in my ears, and I glanced casually in the direction of the poor little street Arab. A man, very much excited over the latest from the press, stepped from a limousine at the curb, signalled his chauffeur to wait, pressed a nickel into the hand of the eager paper merchant, took the last of the "Extras" and was off in the car again. Only a moment the stunted little fellow stood gazing after the luxurious car, with a mixture of longing and envy in his sharp brown eyes; and then, the last of his wares disposed of, pocketed the nickel with satisfaction and whistling a cheery tune disappeared down a side street—home!

What a difference in the paths of the two! The man to a great big house, all shiny floors, big mirrors, pictures, books, rugs and padded chairs! The boy to a cellar probably or a crowded ground floor room. Straw mattress and a ragged quilt for his bed, and only a slice of bread and a sausage for his dinner. But to each his destination was his own place in the great world of a city—home, and where his treasure was there was his heart also.

And there were many more, each intent on reaching only the place where there was some one, something to greet him—every nook and corner known and loved; every article bound with associations, with memories, with links of love to one's own existence. Where the world might be for a time forgotten; where toil and care might cease; where rest and love and joy and peace—

But what a long time I had been standing on that corner, dreaming away the daylight in the lives of others! It was past my dinner hour now! And rousing my thoughts and weary limbs I, too, remembered that I must go—home!

"THE SIEVE"

It's the little bit of metal
That their "safety" hinges on;
It's a nuisance when they have it
But a jewel when it's gone.
It's the bane of their existence,
To the Seniors, one and all;
But they couldn't do without it—
"It's" the key to Senior Hall!

It's the care of everybody;
It's the property of none;
But it makes the rounds quite often
To the Seniors, every one.
And it's hard on that young lady,
Who is always last to leave,
As the dinner-bell is ringing—
Such instructions to receive:

"Now be sure and lock the door;
Keep the key yourself; and mind
That the chapel caps and sweaters
And the spats aren't left behind!"
So the door is banged behind her,
And the ribbon 'round her neck,
Makes the wearer just a footman
Answering every Senior's beck.

But her stewardship is over
Far too soon for every one;
And the "Class Will" gives the Juniors—
(When the Seniors' year is done—)
Solemn trust to guard this relic
With their lives—whate'er befall;
And they really part regretful
With the key to Senior Hall!

—LOUISE A. EGLESTON.

Silence reigned in the study hall as Miss Stone went to the front of the room.

"Will the following young ladies please arise as their names are called?" she said, and started reading her list.

"Ashworth, Boykin, Cabell, Cheek—"

"What does this mean?" I asked the girl next to me, as I arose. She did not know.

"I know what it is," I eagerly whispered, "we are going to be excused from study hall! Won't that be wonderful? Could it be really possible?" Many thoughts of things I could do in my room passed quickly through my mind.

Suddenly Miss Stone stopped reading.

"These young ladies are to go to the Senior Study Room."

ELIZABETH CHEEK.

What a queer, unearthly smell! And what equally queer, unearthly looking little instruments! I was in "chemistry lab." for the first time, and my weak heart, that trembled when I attempted to light the gas range at home, nigh gave way and collapsed in the face of these new and untried horrors. I examined the laboratory manual; that seemed to be what others were doing. It directed us to set a match to the burner. I shuddered. And yet there was nothing else to do. Steeling myself for a possible explosion, I fearfully turned the little—oh, what do you call it? Then I, slowly and with painful care, brought the lighted match to the burner. I closed my eyes; held my breath—waited. At length I took courage and ventured a look. I was relieved! A harmless yellow flame greeted my eyes. The terrors of "chemistry lab." are not so great, after all!

LENORE POWELL.

All was excitement in the "gym." For it was quite an important time, if one should judge from the tense expressions on the faces of the girls gathered in two huge groups of red and blue. I asked one of the girls what it was all about and she answered me, with one eye on the game: "My dear, we are playing for basketball championship, and when time was called, the score was *tied!*"

Just then a howl of triumph issued from the Reds but ceased suddenly, for the ball had only gone on the edge of the basket. Another few moments of tense silence, a struggle, and then the Blues nearly went frantic, for the ball flew from the hands of the forward and

straight through the basket. The roar was deafening, but above all could be heard—

“Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Mus! Mus! Mus!

EVELINA BECKWITH.

Miss Davis (In Expression): “Breathe in, now out, hold it, keep on holding it! Now with a hissing sound through the teeth. That’s the way, don’t use your shoulders! Let your arms relax. Good! Arms down. One, two, three, four, raising them. Out this way. Now pushing forward, down, down! Push out your chest. There go your shoulders again! *Keep them still!* Now keep right on doing it, I’ve got to go to the Study Hall.”

MARGARET BROWN.

Many, many years ago, when our great-great-grandmothers were tiny little girls, there lived in far Japan a princess of great beauty and grace, but marred by an extremely red nose, the despair of her father and his court. All of the wise men of the kingdom had tried all sorts of cures, but to no avail.

One day the princess was wandering through her father’s vast estates and she saw some little boys pounding rice into a fine powder. It looked so cool and soft that she put her hands in it and rubbed her hands on her face, for the day was very warm. Just then her father chanced to come that way, and at the sight of her threw up his hands in astonishment and loudly exclaimed:

“My beautiful daughter, the gods have indeed been good to us, for your nose is like a snow-white lily!”

When the cause of this sudden transformation was discovered, the king and his subjects were greatly rejoiced. And from that day to this, every woman has endeavored to make herself beautiful by the use of powder.

EVELINA BECKWITH.

“Step lively, please,” said the conductor to me, as I was getting on a Fifth Avenue bus. Of all things, I hate those words; especially

when I, a Southerner, am trying to walk as fast as those Northerners. Nevertheless, I kept on climbing up the funny little steps, and took one of the first seats. I was alone and was doing everything in my power to keep from appearing "green." I was gazing at the high buildings and enormous crowds, when all of a sudden I was scared almost out of my wits. At first I thought some one had poked an automatic revolver at me. After a few minutes I realized that I had not paid my fare. Examining the thing closely and very quickly I found a place to stick my dime in. I felt much better. We rode and rode. I decided that I had better get off. Where was that bell? I couldn't find it. It seemed as if I punched every button, screw or nail in sight, but none of them would ring. At last I found the right one. The bus stopped and I descended those tiny steps. Just as I was stepping off the last step the conductor said, "Step lively, please."

EMILY E. HART.

A Valentine

I love you! All my world of life and gladness
I send in these three words to touch your heart;
And should you doubt their burning truth, my darling,
Then doubt that love is of this life a part!

I love you! through the cycle of the ages
Has rung this key-note of the human soul;
And should you think to question that devotion—
Then doubt that love is of this life the whole!

LOUISE EGLESTON.

A ONE-ACT PLAY

"You Can't Change a Nigger"

ELIZABETH CHEEK

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HATTIE FOSTER—A respectable old negro woman of about fifty.

TEELEY—Her daughter.

MAMIE MERMAN—Hattie's niece.

ADA HENDERSON—A young negro.

DR. SAMUEL BAXTER—Teeley's husband.

CHARLES AND VIRGINIA JONES—Two small children of Colonel Jones, whom Hattie has served faithfully as cook for fifteen years.

(SCENE.—*Living-room, sitting-room, dining-room, pantry and kitchen in serving ability but, in reality, one room of Hattie Foster's three-room dwelling. In the middle of the floor stands a table covered with a bright red-fringed table-cloth on which there are pieces of bright-colored china. Directly back of the table there is a large cook stove, a cupboard and smaller table are on the left and a lounge on the right. The chairs, consisting of the rockers of the auction sale type, and four straight ones, are scattered about the room. Enlarged portraits in fancy gilded frames and a profusion of advertisement calendars adorn the walls. Enough cheap finery is scattered about through the room to make it appear unmistakably "niggery." Hattie, in a dress of plain black material, stands mixing a cake at the table by the cupboard. Mamie Merman is sitting by the stove with her hands stretched out to warm them.*)

MAMIE: Well, Aunt Hattie, jest two more days 'fore Easter.

HATTIE: Yes, honey, so it is, don't time fly? I sez to myself this very morning, "Hattie Foster, if you don't bake your cake this here evening it won't get baked," for tomorrow I'se going to start baking them at the house. De governor is coming and all his family and I know Miss Maria would have a plumb fit if I warn't there. You see, child, for fifteen years I been there. Dem raisin cakes, and marshmello ones I makes—

MAMIE MERMAN (*jumping up*): Lands a living, Aunt Hattie, what's dat you putting in dat cake?

HATTIE FOSTER (*picking up bottle*): Have mercy! (*Looking at name on bottle in her hand and reading aloud*): "Dr. Pinkston's Linement!" Ain't I sumpin? Here I is standing up here bragging

'bout how I makes cakes at Colonel Jones' and had the stopper out of the linement bottle ready to put in my own cake for vanilla. I sho' is glad you told me, honey, for I wouldn't have ruint this cake for nothing. This here linement has been setting right here on the shelf ever since my Teeley sprained her wrist. Wait 'till I get this in the stove. (*Hattie places the batter into three pans and puts them into the oven. The two sit down.*)

MAMIE M.: Aunt Hattie, I got a new job.

HATTIE F. (*surprised*): A new job? That's jest what I got to say about you young niggers, 'fore you have time to turn around in one job you get another. What's you doing now, Mamie?

MAMIE M.: Working down ter the hair dresser's.

HATTIE F. (*disgusted*): I might have knowed it (*looking at Mamie's hair*). Here, your hair is straight as Miss Maria's. Don't tell me about these niggers with straight hair. If the good Lord had intended for it to be straight He would have made it that way. Ain't my Teeley's always been straight? 'Sho thing, when the kinks come outer mine it ain't going to be 'cause I done put stuff all over it. I'se always taught my Teeley to be a nigger and a good 'un at that.

MAMIE M.: Lands, Aunt Hattie, at the dance hall—

HATTIE F. (*rising to put a piece of wood in the stove*): That's jest it, you ain't got no business at the dance hall. My Teeley ain't never put her foot in there—

MAMIE M.: Hmn! Nor she ain't. But, Aunt Hattie, you got to remember Teeley ain't been here in two years. I didn't go there then. Gracious, Aunt Hattie, you dunno what Teeley's doing there in New York.

HATTIE F.: Now, don't speck I do, but I knows my Teeley wouldn't do nothin' she ought not to. Child, you can't change a nigger.

(*A knock at the door.*)

HATTIE F.: Come in!

(*Enter two small white children—a boy of eight and a girl of six.*)

HATTIE F.: Well, blest my soul, if here ain't Charles and Miss Virginia! Mamie, here is them chilluns I been telling you 'bout. Come in, chilluns, and sit down.

CHARLES: No, we can't stay; guess what we've come for?

VIRGINIA: I am going to put something with red leaves on it in my basket.

CHARLES (*to Virginia*): Tattle-tale! What did you have to tell for? Hattie, you told us you knew where some flowers were back of your house and mother let "Gin" and me come down to get some.

VIRGINIA: Yes, she said we could go if you would go with us to get them.

HATTIE F. (*looking out of window*): Ain't that James out there in the car?

CHARLES: But we want you to go with us, Hattie.

HATTIE F.: Lands, child, you know I'll take you but I'se jest thinking you let him bring you back in 'bout half a hour and then we'll go, 'cause I got my cake in the oven now.

CHARLES: Oh, goody, Hattie. We will come back. Come on, "Gin."

(*Hattie opens the door and the two children go out.*)

MAMIE M.: Ain't they cute?

HATTIE F.: They shore is sweet chilluns. It is a good thing they come for that reminds me of some things Miss Maria give me to sell for her. (*Hattie goes into the next room and returns with a large bundle of clothes.*) Mamie, maybe you would like to buy some of them.

(*Mamie rises and helps Hattie open the bundle on the lounge.*)

MAMIE M. (*pulling out an evening dress of jade satin*): If this ain't classy, I ain't never seen nothing.

HATTIE F. (*looking among the clothes*): Where's the sleeves to that thing?

MAMIE M. (*laughing*): Lands, Aunt Hattie, this is all the dress.

HATTIE F.: Course it is, child. I ought to known that, 'cause the first night Miss Maria put it on I asked her where was the sleeves and I thought she would plumb kill 'erself laughing.

MAMIE M.: This is exactly the kind I wanted, with no sleeves and no back.

HATTIE F.: You can try it on, Mamie, but Hattie Foster will have to be dead 'fore she has on anything like that. These new styles ain't meant for niggers like me, and I know my Teeley wouldn't wear 'em.

MAMIE M.: This is a pretty serge dress. I'd have to take up the skirt, though.

HATTIE F.: That you wouldn't! It would come to your knees. Mamie, here's something you can have (*picking up a pair of brocaded satin mules*). Miss Maria give 'em to me. She called them some kind of funny name. Don't tell me 'bout 'em.

MAMIE M.: Jest look at all these shirtwaists!

(*They spread all the garments out on the lounge.*)

(*A voice from outside*): Mrs. Foster!

HATTIE F.: Come on in, Ada.

(*Enter a negro girl of about eighteen.*)

ADA: Good evening, Mrs. Foster; and if here ain't Mamie Mer-man. Look at them clothes! What are they for?

HATTIE F.: Ada, they is some Miss Maria give me to sell for her.

ADA (*examining the clothes on the lounge*): If this ain't my chance to get some clothes! Mrs. Foster, Bud and I is going to be married Sadday night.

HATTIE F.: Child, you talking 'bout getting married. It don't seem no time since you were running around here with my Teeley.

ADA: I am two years older than Teeley.

HATTIE F.: That don't make no difference; you are too young. I know my Teeley ain't thinking 'bout getting married.

ADA (*aside to Mamie*): Lawd 'ave mercy! Mrs. Foster don't know what Teeley is doing.

MAMIE M.: Dat she don't!

HATTIE (*sniffing*): Somepin' burning! Have mercy, here I am jest setting here and letting my cake burn up 'fore my very eyes. Lands a living, Mamie, give me that rag to open the stove door with. (*Mamie jumps up and hands the rag to Hattie who opens the stove door.*) (*In the meantime, while they are taking the cake from the*

stove a young negress, dressed in the most extreme fashion, with straight bobbed hair, has entered, followed by a young man.)

HATTIE F. (*turns around with a half burnt cake in her hand. At the sight of the two, the cake, pan and all drop on the floor*): Teeley! Teeley! (*The two fall in each others arms.*)

TEELEY: Ma, I thought we would come and give you an Easter surprise. Come here, Sam (*the young man comes forward*). This is my husband, Dr. Baxter.

(*Hattie stands amazed, not saying a word for several minutes.*)

HATTIE F.: I— er— er— sho is glad to—er— er— see you both.

MAMIE: Aunt jest been talking to us 'bout you all the evening, Teeley.

HATTIE F.: Here, Ada, pull up them two chairs. Teeley, you and er— er— the doctor, sit down.

DR. BAXTER: Why, thank you, but I must write some important letters.

HATTIE F.: Mamie, you show him in my room.

(*Exit, Dr. Baxter.*)

TEELEY: Why, Ma, what is the matter; you look like you are sick?

HATTIE F.: Lawd, child, tain't nothing the matter with me. I 'speck I do look funny, but I was so surprised when I seed you! I ain't sick.

(*Teeley sits down and removes her mannish little hat. Hattie sits silent and stares at her hair.*)

TEELEY: Ma, doesn't my hair look chic?

HATTIE F.: Chick what? Maybe that's the style; I dunno. A old-time nigger like me can't keep up with them. What's you done to it, Teeley?

TEELEY: Well, ma, you know my hair was always long and straight so I had it bobbed and the permanent wave put in it. Don't you think it looks lots better?

HATTIE F.: Why er— er— it's all right. Them was pretty braids you used to have.

TEELEY: Mamie, how you and Ada getting along?

MAMIE: I am all right. `Ada is going to get married Saturday night.

TEELEY: Why, Ada, ain't you married yet? I have been married a year and two months?

HATTIE F.: Hmn!

TEELEY: Of course, I have. I didn't see no use in telling you, with me in New York and you down here.

HATTIE F.: Yes, child, I 'speak it is a good thing I ain't been knowing it all dis time.

TEELEY: Ada, I have a lovely pair of stockings like these I have on I will give you.

ADA: That sho will be nice.

MAMIE: Them is some stockings!

HATTIE F.: I'se glad you told me 'cause I been looking at you wid that dress to your knees and I plumb thought you had on black lace.

TEELEY: Ma, these are all lace ones, the lady at the Beauty Shop gave me. They cost fifteen dollars a pair!

HATTIE: They must be going to last a pisinous long time, to cost that much. I paid thirty-five cents for these 'fore the war. My eyesight ain't good as it used to be, dat's why I didn't see them, I 'speak.

TEELEY (*looking on the floor*): Why, ma, what's that over there on the floor?

HATTIE F.: Honey, your old ma plumb let a cake burn up under her nose and then when I seed you it jest dropped out my hand.

TEELEY: Ma, that don't make no difference, I will make another one. I reckon I had better see what Sam is doing first.

(*Exit Teeley.*)

HATTIE F.: It 'most knocked me out my senses.

ADA: I 'clare, Miss Hattie, I'd 'er never known Teeley on this earth.

MAMIE: She sure is a high class nigger.

(*Several minutes pass in silence and Teeley reënters in a gingham dress and her hair plaited like Hattie's.*)

HATTIE F.: I declare, you can say what you want to but you can't change a nigger.

(The door opens and Charles and Virginia appear.)

HATTIE F.: Here is these chilluns for me to go after the flowers now. I'll be back in a minute, Teeley. You can decorate like you used to when I gets back. I always sed you can't change a nigger!

[END—CURTAIN]

Unlucky Uirtue

Oh, joys forbidd'n, pray tell me how
I'll e'er resist you all those days?
Would I were conscienceless as thou,
Then might I *more* than on thee gaze!

Oh, why not ever until now,
Oh, toothsome tempter wert thou sent?
A misdirected kindness thou—
A box of candy during Lent!

—LOUISE EGGLESTON.

The St. Mary's Muse

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EDITORIAL

Half our school year is over! The suspense of examinations will not overtake us for four more months. And what of it? We'll, just this: We can make the remaining four months just twice as successful as those four we have left behind, if we stir to definite action that indefinable element we all admire in successful people—"pep." The kind that the "Yanks" used in Europe two years ago; the kind that is generated at the big league games; the kind that put across the great Liberty loans—five of them! That is the "pep" that says "We can and we will." And it is the kind that ought to be, and we feel sure will be created in every organization of our school life; so that everything worth while will realize the sentiment so well expressed in a familiar and popularly-phrased echo from the "gym.":

Your pep, your pep,
You've got it, now keep it;
Dog-gone you, don't lose it—
Your "pep."

The two literary societies have finished their program of preliminary debates and the annual debaters have been elected. The pre-

liminaries were held on Tuesday nights every two weeks, alternating with the regular meetings of the societies; and keen interest was shown in the contest. The Sigma Lambdas had three debates, the first, "Resolved, that the country is a better situation for a school than the city"; the second, "Resolved, that the deforesting of the Pacific Slope should be stopped at once." The first two E. A. P. debates were, "Resolved, that English is a more important item of education than Mathematics," and, "Resolved, that McSwiney's death was a failure to the Irish cause." The third and last debate was the same in both societies: "Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished." In the E. A. P.'s, Rebecca Hines and Sophie Egleston won the affirmative over the negative, Lenore Powell and Evelina Beckwith. And in the Sigma Lambda's, Mary Louise Everett and Florida Kent, negative, won from Marietta Gareissen and Dorothy Baum, affirmative. The final debaters chosen were Lenore Powell and Sophie Egleston, E. A. P., and Mary Louise Everett, and Marietta Gareissen, Sigma Lambda. The annual debate (on prohibition of immigration) comes off early in March, though as yet the date has not been definitely fixed. The E. A. P.'s have the affirmative and the Sigma Lambda's the negative, and the contest bids fair to be a sharply drawn one, for all parties are hard at work.

The Lenten Mission Study classes have been formed and leaders chosen for them from the Blue Ridge delegation of last year. Lenore Powell and Addie Huske are conducting one on a very interesting subject, the text book used being one entitled, "Making Life Count." Florida Kent and Frances Venable are conducting another on the study of the "Near East." The meetings are to be held every Friday night throughout Lent and we expect good results as the large enrollment is very promising.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club, under the directorship of Miss Florence Davis, is forging ahead in preparation for its first play. This play will be presented just before the beginning of Commencement and gives promise of being one of the most successful ones Miss Davis has ever put on.

At its last regular meeting the club was organized.

In addition to the President and Secretary, a Business Manager was elected. This business manager is to have part charge of setting the stage and is to be responsible for the lighter stage properties. In other words, Miss Davis has now a special stage assistant, and she can give more time and attention to the actual directing of the plays.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The E. A. P. and Sigma Lambda Literary societies are carrying on this year practically the same inter-society contest which was planned and used last term. The form of contest this time, however, omits the "Model Inter-society Meetings." The two model meetings, fall and spring, the inter-society debate, and the monthly MUSE contests are the same.

There has been some discussion as to whether or not the society winning for the year should be presented with a fitting trophy. No definite action has been taken upon this so far, but the societies intend to reach a decision after the holidays.

Contrary to the custom of previous years, the new girls were not allowed to select the society to which they desired to belong, but were chosen by committees from each society. This was done so that both societies would have an equal membership, and an even chance in the contest.

There was much doubt as to how this new method would work. It seems to have been successful, and excellent spirit is being shown by all concerned.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The two athletic associations have begun the season with much "pep" and activity, both ambitious to hang another banner on the wall in the "gym." The first thing on the schedule is basketball. This year each association has three teams, the first teams to play three out of five games for the team championship, and the other two, two out of three.

Close on to basketball comes volley-ball. Two teams are to be selected, each team playing the best two out of three games for the championships. The tennis tournament takes a different form this time, each association being represented by eight players. Thus the tournament is narrowed down to sixteen players, and Sigmas and Mus are matched together in the process of elimination for champion of the school. Each winning player gains a certain number of points for her side.

Later on in the spring the meet will be held and the two associations will be matched in various games and races.

SCHOOL NEWS

CHRISTMAS NEWS

The Play

The long-looked-forward-to Senior play, given annually at Christmas as a treat to the school, was especially enjoyable this year as it was the production of a talented young member of the Senior class, Katherine Waddell. It was on the night of December 18th and double excitement and expectation was created among the enthusiastic crowd in the auditorium when the programs with their Christmas decoration of holly and the interesting "cast of characters" were passed around. Then at last the curtain rose and "*The Christmas Doll*," as published in the Christmas MUSE, was artistically and capably given. It was the consensus of opinion that "everybody looked better than they ever had" (if that were possible among the Seniors). The costumes of the Christmas Bells and Brownies were realistic and charming, and each and every member of the cast entered with enthusiasm into "his" or her part. Suzanne Pegues and Dorothy Kirtland were a decided novelty and their "snowballing" was so enthusiastically encored that it made one fairly shiver. Fielding Douthat as Santa Claus was quite a success and did "his" duty well by every little boy and girl, especially our Little Girl, Eleanor H. Cobb. The thing nearest her heart seemed to be Elizabeth Nolan, the Christmas Doll, and one of the prettiest we have ever seen from all Santa's pack. Florida Kent and Virginia Jordan, as the Christmas Turkey, and the White Rabbit, respectively, gave the right note of humor to the play with their perfect costumes and dramatic interpretation of these characters. "Tinkle" and "High Jinks" helped Santa Claus nobly in recovering the lost doll and went to sleep so naturally and peacefully in the woods that nobody had the heart to blame them for resting from their search to "wait for the moon." Mabel Merritt as "Night" appeared in the forest scene and gave in her fleeting passage across the stage a touch of the weird and supernatural. The songs were snappy and well given throughout and at

the sound of "Home, Sweet Home" and "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," in the last scene, the audience was sorely tempted to join the players in the singing of the holiday tunes.

Miss Elbie and Margaret Elliott provided the music and popular airs between scenes, and the irrepressible Christmas spirit alive in all hearts added whatever was necessary, if anything could be, to the general decision that it was "purely excellent."

"The Night Before Christmas"

Sunday evening, December 19th, will be long remembered not only because it was the "night before" we went home for Christmas, but also for the succession of happy events which took place. To begin with, there were the traditional oysters at supper. And such a supper as it was! Salad and sandwiches, punch and cake and real ambrosia, besides the aforementioned oysters and salted peanuts. Then there were the pretty little Christmas trees which were set aglow with little red candles at a signal from the Rector's table. The paper doilies with Christmas decorations served admirably for memory book fillers. Three cheers for Mrs. Marriott were given with a will and these were followed by various toasts to faculty and officers. Mr. Way, in an appropriate word, bade the school adieu and wished all the happy girls a "merry, merry Christmas."

The Muse Club, having nothing weightier on hand for its consideration than the coming gaities, entered into the discussion of these with a will and had one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year. The Muse room was appropriately decorated in holly and mistletoe and the feeling that "something was going to happen" was unmistakably in the air. And something did happen! Mrs. Perkins and Miss Katie, Miss Lee, and Miss Bottum, all came to join them. The chairman, Frances Venable, on behalf of the Muse Club, paid a tribute of appreciation to Mr. Cruikshank, through whose instrumentality everything it undertakes is made possible. Following her, Susan Collier added a few appropriate words emphasizing our debt of gratitude, which tributes Mr. Cruikshank graciously acknowledged. Then followed an impromptu program, which proved very enjoyable.

Fielding Douthat gave some of the numbers which she had so successfully used in the Christmas recital, winning as great applause again. Then Miss Katie and Mrs. Perkins added to this interesting accounts of two Christmases they had seen; Miss Katie telling about the celebration in Southern homes before the war, when "The Quarters" were a big item in the life of the South and every black friend on the big plantations was remembered by the good people in the "great house." Mrs. Perkins told of a wonderful Christmas tree she had witnessed on the North Carolina State Farm and gave a touching and interesting account of the emotions of the recipients of the treat and their benefactors. Then came the surprise when Susan Collier appeared again in the side door, bringing candies of every sort for the girls and their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Way entertained at a floating reception all the evening and many were the boxes of popcorn which Warren and Roger popped for the girls and which they consumed while sitting Japanese fashion on the floor 'round a "real open fire" and talking about a little of everything, but mostly "home." The nine o'clock bell put an end to the festivities, but even after the last caller had said good-night, the thoughtful young hosts put a quantity of their snowy popcorn on the porch for the Seniors, who at five o'clock the next morning would come circling the buildings with glowing candles in their hands and on their lips the strains of "O, Little Town of Bethlehem."

Preps Entertain

At the suggestion and with the help of their class adviser, Miss Stone, the "Preps" gave a delightful little entertainment in the parlor on Thursday evening, December 16th. The school gathered there instead of in the study hall for assembly and sang Christmas carols. Mr. Way led in prayer, after which Mabel Hawkins, President of the "Preps," explained the object of the meeting and asked that their class might be given the last Thursday night before the Christmas holidays every year. Bishop Cheshire was the speaker of the evening and told very interestingly of his travels abroad. Josephine

Gould and Virginia Herbert Wilson gave a duet, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"; and the program was closed with the singing of Christmas carols by the audience.

The Christmas Recital

The pupils of Miss Florence Davis entertained charmingly Thursday afternoon, December 16th, with a short expression recital, and a one-act play, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," by Margaret Cameron.

The members were alive with Christmas spirit and enthusiasm, and called forth many thrills and awed exclamations. Fielding Douthat's numbers, as usual, were greatly enjoyed. She gave four selections which seemed particularly suited to her talent. Edgar Guest's "On Going Home for Christmas" was perhaps the most touching in its appeal. Virginia Herbert Wilson deserves to be commended on her "Jes Fore Christmas," the universal verdict upon which was "darling." These are *only two of the five* whose recitations reflected great credit on their teacher.

"The Teeth of the Gift Horse" was a humorous little piece. The players made the most of every opportunity to provoke laughs, and it may truly be said that it "got across." Daisy Cooper's interpretation of Katie, the maid, and Marjorie Wilkins' of the old maid aunt, were both clever bits of work.

Following is the afternoon's program:

PART I

1. The Christmas Substitute.....Anna S. Packard
MARJORIE WILKINS
2. (a) Getting Ready for Christmas.....Edgar Guest
(b) Crowded Out.
(c) A Child's Christmas Song.....T. A. Daly
(d) On Going Home for Christmas.....Edgar Guest
FIELDING DOUTHAT
3. The Shepherds and the Angels.....From "Ben Hur"
ELIZABETH ANTHONY
4. Jes Fore Christmas.....E. Field
VIRGINIA H. WILSON
5. The Shepherd Boy's Carol.
EDITH BARTON

PART II

"THE TEETH OF THE GIFT HORSE"

One-act Play by MARGARET CAMERON

CHARACTERS

Richard Butler.....	Elizabeth Anthony
Florence Butler, his wife.....	Dorothy Cobbs
Marietta Williams, his aunt.....	Marjorie Wilkins
Anne Fisher	{ Elizabeth Ballou
Delvin Blake	
}Friends of the Butlers..... {	

Time—Christmas Eve*Scene*—Living-room of the Butler's home

L. P.

Peace—St. Mary's Concert

The second concert of the Peace-St. Mary's series was held in the auditorium Monday evening, January 10th, with Miss Ellen Rumsey as soloist, accompanied by our own Miss Southwick.

Miss Rumsey quickly won the approval of her audience by her charming manner and lovely contralto voice, the solos being made more enjoyable by the skillful accompaniment of Miss Southwick. Her program contained solos in French and Italian, and in her attractive manner she explained the story of each one.

But her audience waxed most enthusiastic over "Späcially Jim" and "Let Me Dream Again." This was the most successful concert given here this year, as shown by the rather alarming number of notes of appreciation written to her by the girls.

E. G. B.

First and Third Team Games

Mus and Sigmas alike were glowing with excitement and self-confidence on that critical night of January 15th, when first and third teams met in hard-fought battle. The "gym." was a veritable bedlam of cheers and songs and "pep" ran high.

The third teams were the first to take the floor. The first half was screamingly successful for the Sigmas, but during the second half the Mus became awakened to the necessity for quick and violent action, and what a fight it was! The final score was 14-13, in favor of the Sigmas. The first team game was, of course, the most thrilling of all. From the beginning the Mus seemed to gain the upper hand, and theirs was a glorious victory, the score being 35-15. The line-ups were as follows:

FIRST TEAMS

<i>Mu</i>		<i>Sigma</i>
B. Brown	}	{ M. Dixon
M. L. Langley		
F. Kent	}	{ B. Ballou-M. Powell
H. Barber		
F. Venable	}	{ M. L. Everett
J. W. Ashworth		

THIRD TEAMS

<i>Mu</i>		<i>Sigma</i>
M. McCoy	}	{ S. Collier
Richards		
M. Gresham	}	{ S. Phillips
J. Gould		
E. Nolan	}	{ D. Nixon
M. Gilchrist		

L. P.

The Great Snow War

Tuesday, January 23d, brought the first big snow of the season, and on Wednesday morning after a conference between Generals Baum and Villepigue, an assembly was called and a declaration of war between the Mus and Sigmas made public. Great was the excitement which followed, and vast preparations were made for the campaign—big forts being built and quantities of rather soft ammunition being made. The fight was swift and steady, much skill in direct

aim being displayed on both sides. But when a lull in the operations was called by Marshall Hesse and the half frozen, snow-laden girls trooped in again, no one could tell which side had been the victor.

E. G. B.

The Fashion Show

Who among us does not feel a thrill when seeing lovely clothes? So popular was the idea of "A Fashion Show, given by St. Agnes' chapter this afternoon at 4:30," that the little maids, becomingly attired in black dresses and fluffy white aprons, had a difficult time of seating their patrons. So, seated Turkish fashion, we felt that we were a part of the party in the charming little playlet enacted on the stage placed at one end of the parlor.

It seems that Emily Burgwyn, in the role of a young country girl, had just been left a fortune and, aided by her mother, was selecting a trousseau at the Maison de Madame Kirtland. Much mirth was enjoyed at the expense of Madame and visitors but a gasp of pure joy and admiration escaped from the audience as the bride, Julia Winston Ashworth, came sedately down the steps.

Conspicuous among the models were: Alice Brunson, as the athletic girl; Josephine Rose and Sarah Hester in evening dress, which brought up memories of Christmas joys; Mary Wiatt Yarborough and Eugenia Trexler in organdies, reminding us of the joys of St. Mary's in spring-time, and Florence Cline in the ever popular "Alice Blue" gown.

E. G. B.

On the dreary and snowy afternoon of January 27th the Seniors and some of the faculty assembled in the cheery and warm living-room of the rectory, where Mr. and Mrs. Way entertained them most delightfully and informally. Cards were passed around bearing the words "Class of Twenty-one," from which the guests were asked to form as many words as possible in five minutes. Mrs. Way graciously promised not to tell the way *some* of the Seniors spelled *some*

of the words. However, or somehow, Dorothy Kirtland managed to find seventy-one words and was awarded a dainty white handkerchief for the highest score. Delicious refreshments of ice cream, cakes, and bon bons were served, after which the guests played many other games. Singing was indeed one feature of the afternoon. The girls, grouping themselves around the bright open fire, sang many of the old St. Mary's songs and class songs. It was with regret that they bade their host and hostess goodbye. However, the Seniors appreciated Mr. and Mrs. Way's hearty invitation to come often to the rectory and look forward to accepting their hospitality.

D. K.

Sophomores to the Seniors

Senior Hall was all excitement on Saturday afternoon, January 29th, for it was the day of the long-looked-forward-to Sophomore Party. And to add to the anticipation we already felt came the request for us to wear our prettiest evening dresses. At the appointed time, eight o'clock, fifteen Sophomores, attired in white skirts, dark coats, and with their hair drawn back tightly and sporting realistic mustaches, escorted the fifteen Seniors to the Muse Room. There we were met at the door by Dorothy Baum, Sophomore President, in a beautiful evening dress of purple and lavender, the Senior colors. Coming into the Muse Room, we could scarcely believe it was our familiar meeting place. Such a transformation! We had stepped into a real cabaret: a cabaret and all that goes with it. Artistically arranged tables, pretty waitresses and an orchestra, which played the latest jazz songs. The Senior colors were effectively carried out in the decorations, lavender and purple streamers being hung from the ceiling; and this color scheme was used in the dainty refreshments and attractive place cards. During the evening an entertaining cabaret program was rendered. We could not decide which was the best, for Louise Buice's "Vampire," Mary Gilchrist's "Jazz Baby" and the "Bobbed-haired Chorus," Elizabeth Grantham, Van Wilkins, and Lucille Dempsey; Bessie Brown's Song, "Mother o'Mine," accompanied by Margaret Elliott's violin, and Emily Hart at the

piano, were all so good. The chic little girls, J. Rose, in a ballet dress of black with orange flowers, and Mary Louise Everett in a white ballet dress, with numerous little powder puffs, passed in between the tables carrying pretty baskets filled with mints. It was all so real, so thrilling, that we had to keep pinching ourselves to realize that it was school and that we were not dreaming. All good things have to come to an end, however, and all too soon it was time for the Seniors to bid their hostesses goodnight and to go talk over the cutest, most enjoyable party we had ever seen.

E. N.

Freshman-Junior Party

On Saturday night, February 26th, the parlor was a veritable fairy land of red hearts and lights that shone with a ruddy glow. It was the scene of the annual party to the Juniors, given by the Freshmen. The party burst into being with a colorful, resplendent grand march, led by Margaret Huske and Martha Best, at the end of which every one was the proud possessor of a festive paper cap.

There were many forms of entertainment provided by the resourceful Freshmen. An attractive contest was held, the blanks in the interesting little St. Mary's sketch being filled in with the names of songs, which were played by Helen Powell. The prize was won by Evelina Beckwith. The Juniors were then favored with a special treat, the shooting of their fortunes with bow and arrow. Martha Best and Marietta Gareissen were the winners of the contest dance. Much enjoyment was derived from every one's efforts, some fruitful, and some hopelessly otherwise, to pin a heart to a man's picture, in just exactly the right spot. Virginia Thigpen was the lucky, or shall we say, the most skillful one, and her reward was a bag of kisses.

The delightful affair was wound up, very acceptably, and very charmingly, by a delicious salad course. When the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" bade every one, tactfully enough, to say goodbye to her gracious hostesses, it was the popular opinion that this must surely have been the best party that a Freshman class ever gave to the Juniors.

L. P.

Stunt Night

Stunt night, February 7, 1921, marked a new event in the history of the school. Miss Stone's suggestion of a night when all the school should exert itself for charity was successfully carried out.

Every one of an expectant audience watched with increasing delight the attractive valentine play, "Lost Hearts," which was effectively rendered by the Junior and Freshman classes.

One felt once more that one was in the "Land of Love" as Dan Cupid and the Queen of Hearts planned their sly, entangling nets to entice innocent young men and girls into the Ship of Matrimony.

The trial of Mary Louise Everett by the faculty for breaking the door on third floor brought appreciative shrieks of laughter from the audience, especially when Miss St. John (Elizabeth Tucker) "glided" across the court-room weeping bitter tears for the victim, and when Miss Shearer (Dorothy Nixon) assented with her "*Me non*" to every word that Judge Perkins spoke. This, given by the Sophomore class, had the honor of receiving the highest vote at the polls.

Patented funny paper stunts, by the Senior Class, bade fair to out-do Bud Fisher's "Mutt and Jeff." The plot was extremely hair-raising, when Mrs. Newlywed (Elizabeth Nolan), charmed by Happy Hooligan's good looks, missed her precious, curly-headed Snookums (Virginia Jordan), but the valiant Detective Hawkshaw (Florida Kent) found the baby and won his world-wide reputation.

A broad grin passed over the faces of the audience as the Hawkins Negro Minstrel took its place on the stage. The end men, Messrs. Cabell, Richards, Andrews, Walker, Cheatham, and Ambler, never for an instant allowed the audience to settle down. The climax was reached when Richards, in the new fashion of a "coon figger," jigged time and time again before the excited spectators.

The Muse Club gave a reminiscent sketch of the past history of the St. Mary's, as the girls of long ago came and passed through flits of fancy. But the girl of '21, with her short skirt and stylish cha peau, made the dream come true.

The Sketch Club proved to the boosters of the evening that St. Mary's had many remarkable cartoonists that were budding into prominence.

The Dramatic Club presented a charming pantomime. The strains of lovely music filled the air as the curtain rose on a toy shop, filled with many, many dolls. Customers came and went, always admiring the beautiful dolls and smiling at the eagerness of the old shop-keeper. Anne Kirtland, the dainty French doll, made many a little girl's heart throb. The two fat rag dolls (Dorothy Kirtland and Daisy Cooper) danced very gracefully, considering that they were mere rag dolls.

A patriotic air was heard from the piano and brought the pathetic scene of a Red Cross nurse and two ragged little children. Every one's heart was touched and a hush came over the auditorium.

After the stunts were over the crowds rushed to the polls where they cast their votes for the best stunt. St. Mary's girls rallied to the Red Cross call and the answer was \$148.

M. W.

The Colonial Ball

On February 8th, the last evening before Lent, the parlor was the scene of a picturesque and popular entertainment, the annual Colonial ball. At eight-fifteen Miss Sutton began the familiar strains of the old favorite, "Clayton's Grand March." The march was led by Miss Dorothy Kirtland and her escort, "Mr." Frances Venable. The old-fashioned costumes, which characterized the entertainment, were exquisite and varied. Lovely Colonial tableaux were presented, accompanied by appropriate solos by Misses Bessie Brown and Evelina Beckwith. The tableaux were ended by a charming dance and songs by Misses Mildred Waddell and Anne Kirtland. Following these quaint old-fashioned pictures, Misses Mary Louise Everett, Caroline Moore, Mabel Hawkins, Virginia Wilson, Fielding Douthat, Elizabeth Carrigan, Sarah Jessup, and Martha Best, entertained the other guests with the charming but intricate figures of a stately minuet. Modern dances gave place for the evening to the "Virginia Reel." Delicious punch and cakes were served and both faculty and students departed, declaring that they had enjoyed to the utmost the prettiest Colonial Ball in years.

J. A. M.

ALUMNAE MATTERS

The Campaign for the St. Mary's Fund

After some months of comparative inactivity the work for the completion of the St. Mary's Fund has this year taken on renewed activity and it is hoped that the coming year will bring big results for it.

In January, 1920, the Rev. Francis M. Osborne, who since the beginning of the campaign had been in active charge of the work, as special representative of the trustees, accepted the chair of Theology in the Theological School at the University of the South, Sewanee. However, at the request of the special committee of the trustees in charge of the St. Mary's Fund, he continued to devote such time as he could to the affairs of the fund until other arrangements could be made.

On September 1st Mr. Osborne's connection with the campaign ceased and the work has been divided for continuation along geographical lines, the whole continuing under the direction of the special committee, the Rev. Isaac W. Hughes, of Henderson, Chairman; Mr. Graham H. Andrews, of Raleigh, Treasurer, and Mr. George C. Royall, of Goldsboro.

\$200,000 was the quota originally assigned to the Carolinas and of this sum \$185,000 was fully or tentatively pledged under the leadership of Mr. Osborne; \$100,000 is the aim of the campaign outside of the Carolinas and the work for this is just beginning.

The three divisions of the work now are, therefore:

(1) The National Campaign, with headquarters in New York City, and working in all the territory outside of the Carolinas. The headquarters are at 116 West 39th Street, where Mr. George O. Tamblyn is executive secretary, and Mr. John Crosby Brown is publicity director. Mrs. William G. McAdoo ("Eleanor Wilson, 1906-08) has accepted the National Chairmanship.

(2) The work in the State of North Carolina has been put in charge of the Rev. A. C. D. Noe, of Farmville, and the Rev. C. H.

Bascom, of Greenville, who have been very successful in the work of the Sewanee Campaign. Gifts of \$5,000 from Mr. Erwin A. Holt, of Burlington, and \$1,000 from Mrs. Annie Gray Nash Sprunt, of Wilmington, in November, have given impetus to their work.

(3) The work in the State of South Carolina is in charge of the diocesan authorities, who have included \$30,000 of their share of the St. Mary's Fund in their budget in the Nation-wide Campaign. They have recently made a payment of \$5,000 on account.

The first of this year the collection of the pledges was transferred to the school and it is now being conducted from the school office.

Progress of the National Campaign

The work of organization for the campaign outside of the Carolinas is, of course, one requiring both time and energy. Except for the group of alumnae in New York City and Norfolk, the alumnae outside of the Carolinas are scattered and unorganized. After the perfection of the national organization comes the organization by districts and by groups. Miss Lucille Murchison, formerly of Wilmington, is chairman of the Metropolitan District, and Mrs. Ery Kehays (formerly Grace Whitaker, of Winston-Salem) is chairman for New York City. Mrs. William C. Rivers (Mary Battle) is chairman of the Washington District.

It is the purpose to have a preliminary luncheon or dinner in each district in getting the campaign started, and these meetings have already been successfully held in New York, Baltimore, Washington and Norfolk. The rector was present and spoke at each of these meetings.

Messrs. Tamblyn and Brown have prepared some very attractive advertising to promote the campaign, including an illustrated booklet, "In the Grove," and a series of illustrated leaflets introducing and calling attention to the campaign method, which is tied up with the numerals 2-6-0. After the interest has been aroused in these figures, it is explained that they represent the sum of \$1.00 a week for five years, or \$260, which each alumna outside of the Carolinas is asked to accept as her quota to get or give—preferably get. In

other words, instead of a canvass of individuals, each alumna is to constitute herself a committee of one and undertake to see that the school through her efforts receives \$260 for the fund in the five years. A similar method has been used in other campaigns with much success.

The managers of the campaign are especially desirous that the alumnæ should not misunderstand the "2-6-0." It is not a request to "give" but to "*get* or give," preferably the former, as the getting involves arousing the interest of additional friends.

The Faculty Recitals

It was suggested to a number of Alumnæ Chapters in the fall that it would be possible to arrange for concerts in their towns under their auspices during the winter session, if they desired to coöperate. Miss Southwick, who has earned a high reputation as a brilliant pianist in the two years she has been at St. Mary's, since graduating with honors from the New England Conservatory; Miss Spofford, mezzo-soprano; and Miss Davis, reader, were available for these recitals.

As a result of the activity of Miss Shields in this matter, these ladies gave a series of concerts with much success in the weeks preceding Lent.

Miss Southwick and Miss Spofford appeared in Edenton, where the chapter, under the leadership of Miss Marian Drane, president, and Miss Camilla McMillan, secretary, gave the concert for the benefit of the High School Library; at Greenville, where Miss Novella Moye, president of the chapter, and also director of the Girl Scouts, interested the scouts in the matter, and at Scotland Neck, where Miss Shields had charge of the arrangements.

Miss Southwick and Miss Davis gave a concert in Henderson under the auspices of the chapter, at the home of Mrs. F. L. Toepleman (Elizabeth Corbitt).

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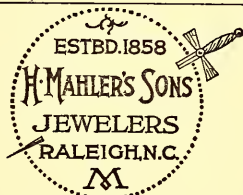
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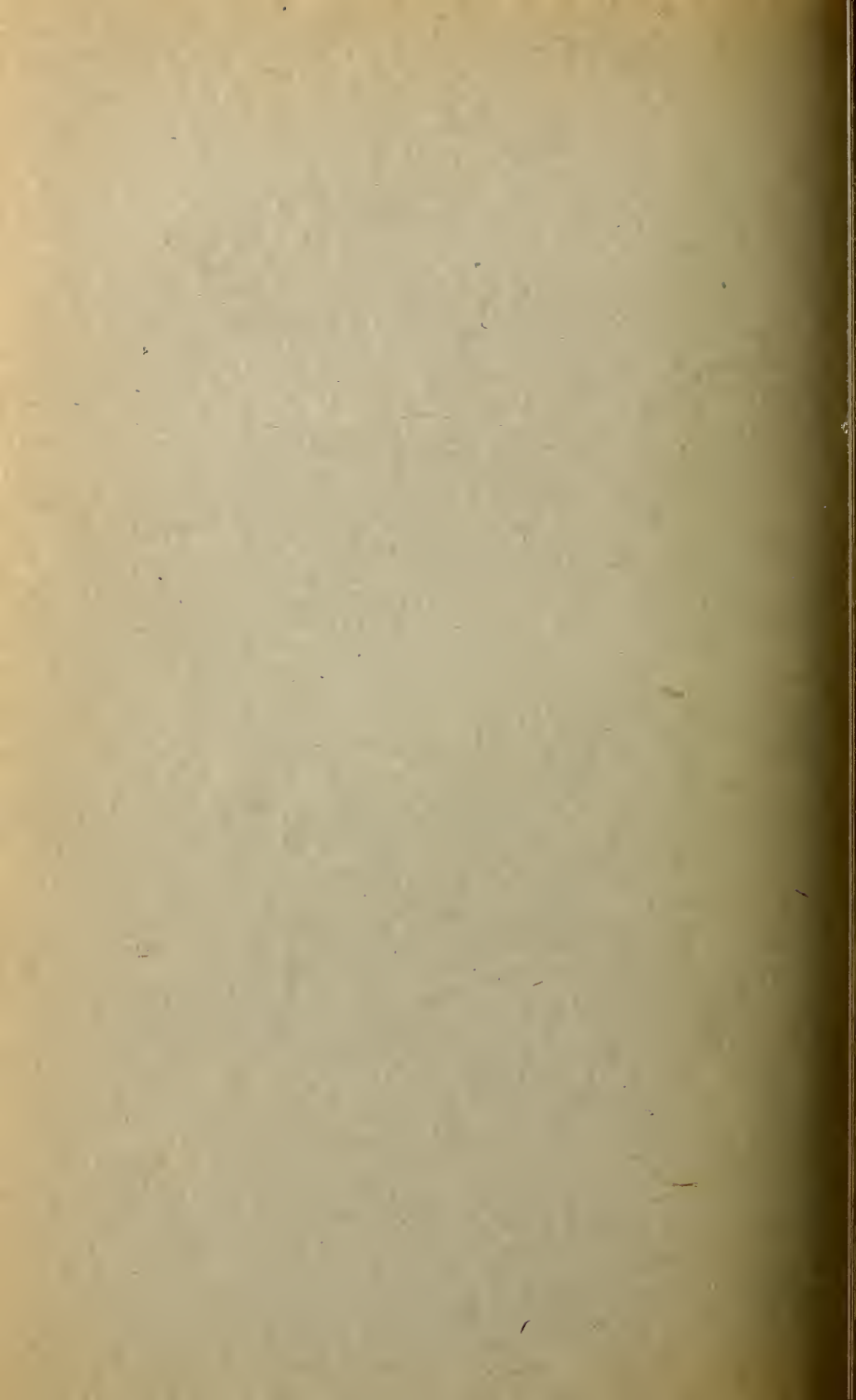
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Sigma Lambda Literary Society

KATHERINE WADDELL, '21, *Editor-in-Chief*

FLORIDA KENT, '21, *Assistant Editor*

To a Violet

KATHERINE WADDELL, '21

When all the plants of earth were made
A flower was planted in the shade,
Unseen to bloom, unseen to fade,
All hidden in some leafy glade—
A violet.

O tiny flower, all wet with dew,
I gaze into the heart of you;
And in its golden depths I view
A loving heart that's beating true—
And tender.

And modest flower, I would that we,
As loving and as true might be.
And faithful to eternity,
Our living model find in thee—
A violet!

The Best Laid Plans

BY FIELDING DOUTHAT, '21

June found the Robinsons once again enlivening the little cottage on Lilly Lake. Patsie's red head flashed on the tennis court in combat with the favorite "frat" brother that Tom had brought back with him, so fine an athlete that even her skill could not outstrip him. But, besides Patsie and Tom and Marvin Wake; there was yet some one else, a dark man with sombre eyes that narrowed when he looked at Patsie, and long eyebrows that raised cynically at her remarks. He lolled in the hammock in the moonlight and puffed long scented cigarettes, and worked in his spare moments, and merely as a side issue (so thought Tom anyway) on some construction plans for Mr. Robinson.

And June found Patsie, the fiery, energetic, magnificent Patsie, a drooping love-sick damsel, at the feet of Sir Roland Dubois. She languished when he was not around, she trembled and turned cold when he was, and she wrote in her diary silly young things about men of brain and brawn, and the fascination of hair greying around the temples. She spoke to her diary in this manner:

"Oh, diary dear, you just don't know what a change has come over me since I filled your pages up with girlish nonsense last summer. I have slipped through the gates of Womanhood and left behind forever those pleasant girlhood days. I have come to look upon Marvin, whom last year I fancied I loved, as a healthy young animal, a liver (here Miss Romance frowned and scratched out the last word), as a being who cares only for the physical, the material, the external things. A far greater man has come into my life—a man who is great and strong, and who reads great, thick, deep books, and talks about a woman's soul! Oh, I love him, diary, I love him. I call the heavens to witness (but, here let us stop, we have too much pity and respect even for the follies of youth to let you laugh at Patsie's very unoriginal and over-sentimental vows of love.)

Meanwhile, Sir Roland Dubois, the vamp, sublimely unconsciously of the erstwhile vamped, turned in his genius' mind more important things—great plans for ships and engines, and machinery, and

Tom and Marvin were obliged to meet quite often in frowning consultations down by the boat-house.

"It is just this way," Tom was saying, "things look pretty black for you, old boy, and they are getting worse every day. If we don't get busy and do something Dubois is going to see it and you and I know that dad's money and Patsie's good looks are not things to be passed over without consideration, and—"

"Now, look here, Tom—" Marvin began, but Tom cut him short.

"Aw, shut up, don't you reckon I know it's different with you, and don't you see I'm doing everything I can for you—aw—" Tom rumbled his fiery mop in exasperation, "and here you are balking just because you are afraid of getting a scream out of an old girl!"

Still, Marvin was dubious, "I can't help but think it's a rather underhanded proceeding, Tom."

"It is the only way," persisted the tempter. "If there was a way of making her think Sir Roland not a hero we would use that, but as it is, our only chance is in making her think that *you are*. It will be like this, she will call for your gallant aid, and then you will appear, and she'll fall on your neck, and oh—*mush*—you know the rest!"

Marvin eyed the bundle in the bottom of the boat and passed his hand over his head (notice that he passed his hand over his head, while Tom rumbled his mop, for Marvin knew well the value of a shiny pompadour in the affairs of love). "But, suppose she should faint?" he queried.

Tom tucked his bundle under his arm and climbed up on the wharf. "Then I wash my hands of the whole affair!"

It was thus that Marvin's ardor got the better of his chivalry, he stuck out his hand to Tom, "It's a go then, Tom," and they shook solemnly and vehemently, and disappeared in different directions, Tom headed for Mom Christmas' cabin, over the hills, and Marvin to traverse the road leading a little below the cabin.

A little later, when the sun began to drop low over Lilly Lake, true to the surmises of her brother Tom, Patsie came out of the house, clad in a fluffy green organdie, and wended her way along the path leading over the hills to the old negro's cabin. She was going to have

her fortune told, as had always been her custom since the days when a sentimental valentine was her only cause of worry, and Mom Christmas had always counseled her wisely and sent her away with some charm that could be worked in the moonlight, and that always brought comfort to Patsie's romantic soul.

Two silver slippers patted along through the leaves, over the hills. Marvin, perched on a stump down by the roadside, nervously whittling a stick, saw the flutter of the green organdie through the trees topped with a crown of glorious copper and promptly cut his finger. An old man in a long, black beard and ragged coat, hidden in the bushes above the path, peeped around a tree at her as she went by and suppressed a grin.

The sun had gone to bed over Lilly Lake and the moon and stars were in full possession of the sky when the green organdie came out of the little cabin again. Upon the hill the ragged old man was dozing, but the sentinel on the stump kept wide-awake and anxious. The night was still save for the insects in the woods and the strum-strum of the banjo that came out through the open cabin door. Then—

“Good-bye, Mom Christmas,” in Patsie's clear voice, followed by the old negro's “Good-night, honey, do what yer mammy tell yu and de good luck sho' gwinte come t' you. Now, mind yu way along dat path and doan stump up yer pretty shoes!”

The cabin door closed, shutting out the shaft of light and the music of the banjo. After that only the soft rustle, rustle of silver slippers in the leaves. The rustle was climbing the middle hillock when it was suddenly arrested by the ragged man in the long beard, who ruthlessly seized upon the fair young rustler and dashed off with her into the woods, or rather he labored off with her, for this particular young lady was no mean athlete and could kick right viciously and scream right lustily. But, woe betide the bold abductor, for through the trees, right after him, bounded our sentinel of the stump, surprisingly calm, seeing that it was his lady-love who was being so cruelly carried off. He soon overtook them and pouncing upon the ragged individual, he— but the ragged individual just dropped down

obligingly on the ground without any resistance at all! Strange! But Marvin, in his haste, tripped over him so that he ejaculated as he embraced mother earth, "Well, darn you, blunder things up, do!"

Then Patsie was clinging blindly to her rescuer and crying such things as this, "Oh, Roland, Roland, I knew you would come. I called you and I knew you would come!"

The bandit raised himself from the ground, and with a grunt of utter disgust, strolled off through the trees.

The heart of Patsie's comforter sank down to the very bottom of his toes. He grew rigid and very gently and very firmly unclasped the clinging arms. He could not speak, but just stood there in white, silent agony, while shame burned hotter and hotter in Patsie's cheeks.

"Come on," choked Marvin, "Will you at least let me see you home safely?"

Silently they strolled through the moon-splotched woods. Unbroken silence prevailed. Great tears of mortification and of pity gleamed in Patsie's eyes. She was so utterly, utterly miserable! And every nerve was keenly conscious of the steadying hand on her arm, and she longed so for the comfort of that faithful shoulder again. Sir Roland or not Sir Roland, it had proved very satisfactory in her need before. She heard Marvin saying "Good-night," and through the tears discerned her own cottage door all wigglerly and wobbly, and blindly she stepped into this blocked and wavering darkness. A streak of light was doing the hula-hula through the bottom of the sitting-room door, so she stuck her head in to see who could still be up, in hopes that— (but you know what she hoped as well as I do). A man was reading under the electrolier and an open magazine hid his face from view, but over the top of it floated a trail of scented smoke that made her heart beat fast and jerky. Only it was not the effect of love now, but of disgust and anger. She hated him for all the trouble he had caused her, and for wrecking her life (poor unconscious Sir Roland), but most of all, she hated him for sitting there so snugly reading while she was being carried away by ragged men in long beards. She dabbed at her eyes viciously to get a clearer vision. It was then that the title of the magazine smote her

in the face! *The Ladies' Home Journal!*" It was the last straw. With an exclamation that sounded like "Ugh!" Patsie went out the way she had come and with the quick bang of the door she shut out of her life forever Sir Roland Dubois, the vampful.

She tipped out on the porch where Marvin was smoking a lonesome cigarette and groaning with every puff, "Lord, what a moon to go to waste!" Then a very miserable, repentant and disillusioned Patsie fluffed down beside him.

"Oh, Marvin," she moaned, "He's reading *The Ladies' Home Journal!*"

Then Marvin forgot and forgave and murmured some foolish words, that sound just too silly when you write them, but were very sweet and comforting, and evidently effective, for after that she went down with him to see the superior beauties of the moon as seen over Lilly Lake.

Familiar Scenes

I know a place where the stately oaks
Are growing; where the sunbeams fall
'Tis there the vines and roses twine
And happy youthful voices call.

I know a room where the patient clock
Ticks off the minutes, one by one,
And where four-score of weary girls
Wait till the study hour is done.

I know a spot that is holy, calm—
Whose stained glass windows catch the gleams
That fall on the reverent, bending heads—
A sacred spot of school-girl dreams.

These are the scenes that we know so well,
And that, somehow, we've learned to love
When nears the time we bid farewell
To school-room, chapel and grove!

K. WADDELL.

The Gamin

M. GAREISSEN, '23

"All men are created equal," is the principle upon which this government of ours is based, and, God willing, that might be true were it not for man. The Gamin would have grinned at the thought had it ever been put up to him, but it never was, and so the Gamin lived his starved and pinched little life in sordid surroundings and did not question.

But, one morning the Gamin was absent from his post; nobody missed him—there was no one to miss him. That was the morning the Gamin did not wake—only in his dreams he heard a terrible crash—that was all.

He did not know about the fallen tenement, about the crowd and the policeman, who found him buried beneath a collapsed wall, or about the pathetic little figure, which was himself, and the pitying comments of the crowd; nor did he know about the stretcher and the ambulance. The ruins soon yielded up their prey, huddled and unnaturally hushed forms; the crowd dispersed, and his world moved on just as it had before, save for the eight or nine vacancies which nobody noticed and nobody missed; they were merely as figures swiftly and silently erased from a slate by a damp sponge, and women with their children who had escaped thankful-hearted, sweated and labored and were cramped in squalor and filth in other tenements, and were not so thankful; gaunt men with tired faces hardened and lined by toil, and blackened by grime and smoke, returned at even to what they knew as home, and were less thankful.

The world rolled on while the Gamin slept. Doctors bent over his silent, huddled form, and shook their heads gravely; white-capped nurses carried out orders and stood by the surgeon's side, ready to execute his slightest commands; shining instrument flashed in the surgeon's hands and after a time a stretcher delivered its burden to a little white bed in a little square room at the end of a silent hallway.

Then, one day, the Gamin awoke. The shade was drawn and his little world was quite still and dark. He was lying on something white and very soft. The Gamin was puzzled. A vague picture,

painted by a kindly old man of the tenement, flitted hazily across his mind; it was a picture of Heaven, a wonderful place somewhere above the blue of the sky; a place where beings, called angels, sang softly, and walked up streets paved in shining gold. It was a place where people went after that mysterious thing, called Death, claimed them. The old man was dead now. The Gamin was frankly curious. He tried to raise himself and look around, but he felt very weak and dizzy, owing to the fact that he was dead, probably, and, also the highness of the cloud on which he was riding, for the Gamin felt convinced that it was a cloud.

The Gamin lay back and shut his eyes and tried very hard to recollect how he had died, and he wondered when the cloud would get him to the place called Heaven. He lay quite still there in the dark for a time that seemed a very long time to him, and a cold fear began to creep over his heart. Suppose the cloud had lost its way; what then? He was feeling very much alone and very much afraid when he heard music—very soft, and very sweet, and very far away, but he was quite sure it was the angels singing, and the cloud must be very near Heaven now, and so he smiled a little smile of happiness and fell asleep again.

Down in the little chapel, 'mid the Easter lilies, the interne sang in a clear tenor:

“He is risen. The Lord is risen, indeed.”

He sang it very sweetly and very happily, and as he sang he looked straight at the pretty little probationer, who kept her head bent and placed her hymnal very carefully over her left hand.

The Gamin lay propped up among many pillows, waiting. He waited every day at this time for Mr. Jimmy, and wondered what new thing Mr. Jimmy would bring him. He had even learned to put away the fear that Mr. Jimmy and the rest of this unreal wonder would fade. There had been fruit and flowers, checkers and a baseball mitt, a pocket knife, and numerous other things. Yesterday, there had been a book with beautiful pictures and some printing which the Gamin

could not read, and when he had asked Miss Brown to teach him how, she had exchanged a quick little glance of exultation with Mr. Jimmy, and she promised the Gamin very quickly that he should begin to learn right away. Also, Mr. Jimmy had told him that when he was quite well he should learn other things and some day he should go to college. The Gamin was quite sure that whatever college might be, it must be something wonderful, for Mr. Jimmy was his hero.

The Gamin was quite fond of Miss Brown; he thought she was very pretty, almost as pretty as a poster he had once seen of a painted dancing girl, and he had thought her beautiful. When he got to be a man he would do something nice for her. One day he had asked if she didn't want Mr. Jimmy to send her to college, too, and she had turned very red and gone after something she said she had left in the hall. When she came back she had refused to discuss the subject. The Gamin was puzzled; so puzzled in fact, that he had asked Mr. Jimmy why she had turned so red when he had asked her such a nice question. Mr. Jimmy had turned rather red, himself, and coughed a little; it was then that he had very quickly presented the pocket-knife.

But that day Mr. Jimmy did not come. Instead, he sent a note and a very gorgeous top. Miss Brown read him the note and the Gamin noticed then that her eyes were very red, as if she had been crying, but when he asked her why, she looked quite innocent and said she must have strained them reading Mr. Jimmy's note—she called him Mr. Graham very primly, which was quite unusual, as he wrote a very fine hand. Then she saw something on the back of the note and turned very red and rose hastily to go for something she had left in the hall. She was always leaving things in the hall, the Gamin thought.

But Miss Brown did not return immediately. Instead, she went to her own room and did a very queer thing. She tore Mr. Jimmy's note into very small bits and put the little heap on the table, and then she put her head down on the table and cried a bit, then she straightened up and put a dab of powder on her nose and laughed a bit, and

when she went back to the Gamin she wore a bunch of violets tucked in at her waist.

.

The Gamin was asleep; at least to all outward appearances he was asleep, but he was not quite asleep. Mr. Jimmy came, but the Gamin lay still. He had a queer idea that Miss Brown had had something to do with Mr. Jimmy's absence the day before and he meant to find out about it, if possible.

Miss Brown had discarded the violets for a rosebud the color of her cheeks. Mr. Jimmy looked toward the Gamin's bed. "Asleep?" he questioned. Miss Brown nodded.

"Jane!" said Mr. Jimmy.

There followed a pause during which the Gamin lay with eyelids tightly closed, and then—

The Gamin opened one eye and smiled—the rosebud adorned the lapel of Mr. Jimmy's coat!

POET'S CORNER

The Mocking-Bird

How be ye, Mr. Mocking-bird,
A settin' in de tree?
You swings upon de topmos' bough
An' sings 'bout what you see.

Ah sees you dar, you rascal, you,
Ah sees you, an' ah hears
Dem golden strains o' melody
You pours into mah ears.

An' when ah climbs dem golden stairs,
An' goes to dwell above,
Ah hopes you'll be a-singing dere
Dem joyful songs o' love.

MARIETTA GAREISSEN.

The Melody

From my windows I can see
Things that make a melody;
There, the poplars from the vale
Climb a slow ascending scale.

Up and down in little trills
Runs a road across the hills;
Soft and sweetly sings the breeze,
Sighs a rhythm through the trees.

Louder now the chords have grown,
Formed by chimneys, thickly sown;
And the harmony is lent
By the beams the sun has sent.

When the sun lies down to sleep,
Stars and moon their vigil keep;
When I can no longer see—
Finished is the melody.

MARIETTA GAREISSEN.

I like it when it rains and rains
As hard as hard can be;
I like to ford the streams it makes
And cross each little sea.

I like to leave my shoes at home,
And take my little boat
And launch it in my river swift,
And watch it downward float.

And when the sun has all dried up
My ponds and rivers, then
I put my little boat away
Until it rains again.

MARIETTA GAREISSEN.

My Love

I loved her more than anything
I ever had before,
And every time I held her
I loved her more and more.

She helped me when in trouble, too,
And cheered me when in tears;
It seemed she always knew just how
To drive away my fears.

Her eyes were blue, that deep, deep blue,
That comes from summer seas,
And not a feature did she have
That was not made to please.

Her skin was fair and oh, so soft;
Her figure—gee! Divine!
Who *was this* paragon, you say?
That "Ole Rag Doll o'Mine."

E. LEWIS.

The moon rose copper against the wood;
The dark, green wood of olden oak.
A slender shape in a crimson hood,
Moving as still as the fairy-folk.

Silent and still she paused in the light;
Standing beneath the giant tree.
A sudden noise, a short, quick flight.
And silence on the moonlit lea.

Two figures dark against the moon.
A riderless horse, a mounted one.
That pause in the shadow of the wood,
And the green-cloaked rider whistles a tune.

Two figures dark against the moon.
The olden oaks stand silent and still
While the hoofs of the horses beat the tune;
And the figures sink behind the hill.

E. GLASS.

AMONG OURSELVES

"Oh, I'm choking, I'm choking; it's just killing me! I know I'll never survive! Oh, please don't make me do it; have mercy on me!"

A look of intense agony transformed the face of a young and beautiful girl into that of an old, though far from resigned, sufferer.

The anxious friends stood by—frantic fear clutching their hearts, uttering little exclamations of horror at the sad spectacle.

For, what could be more touching than to see one's chum helpless in the clutches of Anna Belle and patient Miss Alex, desperately trying to force down a big black St. Mary's pill!

E. LEWIS.

"Carr, Marks, Walker— I held my breath. It was so impossible for me to hope that I had been overlooked! I sat on the edge of my seat and clutched the collar of the girl in front for support. The voice continued to call off the names of the victims.

"Tucker, M. Nixon, D. Nixon, Ballard—" It did not take me long to imagine what their sin had been. If you remember, their usual habit is awaking before dawn, not only stamping around their room, but moving all the furniture about and disturbing the *whole* building— But, hark! the voice again—"K. Faulkner, Fitz and James." In trouble again! Forgive them, do they say? Why not? Seventy times seven is the limit. But, sometimes, we do wonder how Mrs. Perkins keeps count.

My heart was registering forty beats per second, as she picked up the last sheet. In due time—"L. Joyner, Douthat (some one in the rear collapsed). My breath came in sharp gasps now, and as I heard my name, in cool clear syllables, my endurance came to an end. My heart gave one bound and then refused to work.

I faintly remember putting on my chapel cap and marching out with the others, but every time I tried to think, strange objects floated through my mind. I saw myself sitting forlornly on the campus one bright Monday morning, and gangs and gangs of girls were telling me good-bye and going off to town.

Ye gods! Who was it that said, "Be sure your sins will find you out." Wonder what it is that makes that always pop in my mind—funny thing though, you know, it always seems to come *just too late!*

E. LEWIS.

"Oo-o-o! Maurine! What can that be? Oh, I'm so scared; do wake up!"

I gave my room-mate a punch in the ribs, trembling as I did so. No answer came to my entreaty except an increased amount of snoring. Something outside my window made a terrible noise; it sounded as if some one were creeping along, and I could almost hear him breathe.

"Maurine, if you don't wake up, I'll die!" This time I gave her a vigorous shake.

"Uh! Uh! What— what's the matter? Oh, go on, Ellen; let me alone; scared again? What is it this time?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered. "I just wanted you to wake up, 'cause I couldn't go to sleep. Isn't this a dark night, though? Wonder why the night watchman turned off the light outside the window?"

I received no answer to my question and I could tell by my roomie's regular breathing that she was already in the land of nod.

"Why can't I go to sleep?" This I said over and over, but no answer came to my question. I lay there, scarcely breathing, until a sudden jar of the room made me jump. I heard a box overturn and thousands of things, which sounded like marbles, roll over our floor.

"Oh, me," I thought. "Why did I leave those pecans in the box where a rat could turn them over? Now, the whole army of rats will come forth for their nightly gathering."

No sooner had I thought this than I heard a grating sound at my head. I knew that Mr. Grandfather rat was sallying forth. I heard him drag himself across the floor until he reached the first rat, then

they began collecting the nuts.

Both rats began to squeak, and in a few moments I knew that my room was alive with the horrid things! I was so scared I could not move. They were in the waste basket, on the window-sill, everywhere! When I could stand it no longer I jumped up and switched on the light. In the middle of the floor, perched on its hind legs, sat one little mouse, playing with a few nut shells that had been left on the floor!

E. LEWIS.

Just Those Basketball Fanatics Again!

"Creak! creak! creak!" went the old stairs, laden with the mischief and the stealth of several young maidens—"Bam!" Over cautiousness caused disaster and a careful, too carefully placed foot slipped and two girls, half clad, were suddenly precipitated with a resounding bump at the foot of the stairs. There they sat, quite astonished, having gathered in their journey twenty-six splinters, deposited in sundry and various smarting places and gleaned from that terribly renowned hall, second floor, East Wing. . . . A girl's undignified titter, backed by anguish and a sense of the droll, made several drowsy-headed people turn over sleepily with black revenge in their hearts and a naughty syllable on their lips.

Dumsey's none too angelic disposition wasn't improved very much by this untimely awakening from dreams of Jack and Bill, and candy and flowers, and then more candy—and then at this preposterous hour in the morning.

"I wish those girls would have more consideration for others. I want to sleep, basketball or no basketball." She cast an envious glance at her slumbering room-mate. "Don't see how she does it. I believe Tommy would sleep through an earthquake!" With one last thought of murder for the creaking boards and the trespassers thereof, she covered her head and sought slumber land once more.

"Rap! rap! rap!" on the door and a wild rattling of the door-knob. Dumsey turned over but Tommy did not move. Silence reigned supreme in the room. The door opened suddenly and Tommy's

dreams of goals, goals, and more goals, were brought to a sudden end, and Tommy herself, was rudely jerked out of bed and deposited on the floor, a cold, shivering Tommy, eyes not yet open, but a good-natured smile on her lips.

"Say, what time is it, anyway; daybreak?" she asked. Laughter from the others and an overturned chair and Dumsey awoke quite as suddenly, and albeit a little more rapidly.

"You all get out of here and let me sleep— Go put some clothes on and leave me alone— Wish basketball had never been invented!"

MURIEL DOUGHERTY.

Easter Bonnets, Boxes and Bouquets

What anxiety seizes the heart of each maid as Easter draws near. What hectic rushing about in search of the desired bonnet, with the desired shape, and vampish air we all crave.

How anxiously we haunt the postoffice, scanning with anxious eyes the "perishable" boxes for the one bearing our name.

But it is on Saturday that the look of tragedy is noted in blue and brown eyes. Will he send flowers or candy? Or, humiliating thoughts, will he send anything!

Those who are popular enough to expect anything rush out madly and almost crush the poor special boy in the eagerness to examine the unmistakable florist boxes. Others who scarcely dare hope, hang on the outside and receive with wild shrieks of joy or a pretended carelessness the boxes bearing their names.

How much it means in our young lives! For "Vanity, all is vanity."

WINIFRED WADDELL.

Colds

"What's the matter with you, honey?" was the chorus from the filled beds, as a new occupant slipped quietly into a bed which happened to be empty.

"Nothing much, 'cept a cold. I didn't want to stay in the Infirmary, anyway. Just asked her for an aspirin," accompanied by a sob,

and the usual answer had been given to the usual question. "Usual," because this was not the first girl who had been called upon to answer that same question. Indeed, she was nearer the last, for after a day or so this question would have been entirely superfluous, and probably would have been disdainfully answered as though the questioner were a little delirious. Everybody had a cold and it looked like everybody else ought to know it!

Of course, the Infirmary couldn't hold an indefinite number, and after many additional beds had been added and patients still came, those who were so unfortunate as to be living on the first floor of West Wing and not to have the "formal cold" were literally turned out of house and home. Thus a convalescent ward was made for those girls who were well enough to leave the Infirmary, but not well enough to start classes or to mingle with the other girls.

Now, the convalescent ward was a place looked upon with the eyes of envy by those who were either too well or too sick for it. Nothing to do but entertain each other, no assemblies, no classes, no chapel; and on the affirmative side, convalescent meals! What else could one have desired? Oh, memorable day, at least for the convalescents, when they witnessed their table with a huge platter on which was steaming a really, truly, thick, broiled steak!

So, after all, the colds weren't so terrible. There is usually something pleasant to look forward to after the unpleasant; and this was no exception to the rule. Just as after the pills, came the orange; after the Infirmary came the Convalescent Ward; so, best of all, after the colds came the spring holidays and HOME!

F. F. K.

LOST—after the game—a medium-pitched, much-used and practiced voice. Finder please return to Miss Dorothy Baum and receive suitable reward.

FOUND—in Senior Hall swing—a small, warm red heart, containing several unexpressed thoughts. To claim it, apply at 28 Senior Hall.

WANTED—a pair of tweezers, to pull up the Seniors' History marks.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN—from Miss Susanne Pegues, on the tennis court, five pounds of avoirdupois. Finder may keep it.

LOST—one mind of reasonable ability, perfectly empty. If found, please return to the Editor!

K. W.

How It Happened

She said that it was silly—
This thing called crushed, you know;
How any one with common sense
Could fall, and rave on so,
She really could not understand,
But, then *she* fell—and, oh!

'Twas Mary this and Mary that
With scarce a pause between;
Oh, Mary was the sweetest girl
You've ever heard or seen,
And candy flowers and ice cream
Poured in a steady stream.

Thus runs the tale of crushes—
'Tis an old, old one, you see;
I'm warning you, dear school-mates,
'Cause it happened once to me.
It really ain't a bit of fun;
A tragic fate—oh, gee!

WINIFRED WADDELL

The St. Mary's Muse

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THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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EDITORIAL

"Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's Heaven shining through;
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
All their fragrance on the breeze;
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows;
Don't you mope, you've still got these."

There is no use mentioning the subject of "blues," because you just cannot have them when all the spring-time world is so beautiful and gay about you. It is impossible to imagine a more lovely scene than the grove in spring attire—green grass, green trees; roses, wistaria, ivy, and, above all, the blue, blue sky, with hardly a cloud to disturb its serenity. In the afternoons, when everybody appears for a stroll in light dresses, self-made or otherwise, it is a veritable living flower garden. It is a picture that those of us whose last spring at St. Mary's it is will always keep in our memories. The Seniors, of course, are the ones to whom it is dearest, but there are others of us

who are not coming back, either, and there are still others who are yet undecided as to whether or not they will return. It is time to be thinking about it and making up our minds about "next year." Just be sure to make up your mind in the right direction! There is one thing sure about St. Mary's and that is the longer you stay the better you like it—ask the Seniors! Let those of us who can, come back, and as for those who cannot, we will look on our year or years at St. Mary's as an "experience, wholesome and sweet," and do the little we can to carry with us Alma Mater's teachings of "earnestness, wisdom and love."

SCHOOL NEWS

College Club

There has recently been added to the school activities a novel and distinctive feature in the formation of a college club. The club aims to bind more closely together those girls who are anticipating college life and to stimulate them towards their future college work. The club was organized through the influence of Miss Stone. Frances Hoskins was elected president and as secretary and treasurer, the club chose Eleanor Cobb. Its members number seven, but its roll is certain to be enlarged as the club grows in influence. The club held its first meeting in the library Saturday night, March 24th. The faculty and friends of the members attended. This first meeting was made a memorable one in that Dean Haskel, of Columbia University, made a very fine and interesting address. Every one is watching with interest the growth of this new organization, and we predict for it a very successful future.

A Senior-Junior Treat

The Seniors and Juniors had a very pleasant treat in being privileged to attend the Carolina-Trinity game on Saturday night, March 5th. This game was the decisive game for State championship in basketball. Carolina seemed to find Trinity easy work, for the score, 55 to 18, in her favor, showed that Carolina just actually walked

away with her victory. The Seniors and Juniors, chaperoned by Miss Sutton, were very enthusiastic spectators and enjoyed the game exceedingly, especially since it was our first outing since the quarantine had been lifted.

Sigmas Win Second Team Championship

On Tuesday night, March 22d, the Sigma and Mu second teams met for their final conflict of the basketball season.

The Sigmas, brilliant in their characteristic colors of red and white, vied with the blue and white-clad Mus in giving hearty cheers and songs.

From the very beginning, the game proved to be one of the most exciting that ever Sigmas and Mus witnessed. Every player played her best. The team work on both sides was excellent; the pass work was quick and snappy. Mary McCoy got the ball in the basket with an almost dazzling rapidity, while Kate Richards delighted the enthusiastic Sigmas with her all-round playing. The centers and guards, although not as spectacular, played beyond the expectations of every one.

The score was very close throughout the entire game. However, the Sigmas proved victorious with 31 points in their favor against 23 made by the Mus. This gave the Sigmas the second team championship and means an addition of 20 points to the score for the year.

The Mus have been successful in two of the first team games, which means that they are well on their way towards gaining the coveted 30 points awarded to the first team championship. The athletic contest bids fair to be a very close one this year.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
Richards	{ Forwards.....	McCoy
Thompson		Gariessen
M. Powell	{ Centers.....	Nelson, Capt.
F. Boykin		M. Wood
Yarborough, Capt.	{ Guards.....	V. Wilkins
Cooper		J. W. Ashworth

Dr. Haskell's Visit

The School has been particularly fortunate in having as a visitor Dr. Haskell, Dean of women of Columbia University, who has been spending Easter with Miss Stone. On Saturday night Dr. Haskell talked informally to the members of the College Club and the faculty, taking as her subject "German Spies." She is a very charming speaker and this talk was entertaining as well as instructive. On Sunday night after supper, the faculty and students assembled in the parlor and Dr. Haskell made a splendid talk, one of the most inspiring that has been our pleasure to hear this year at St. Mary's. At Columbia, she said, there are six tests by which a person may find out whether or not he is educated, in the real sense of the word. In conclusion she emphasized the final test which is the way we act; it was our deeds that prove our worth. Dr. Way, in announcing the assembly, had said that a treat was in store for us, and he was, indeed, justified in making that statement, for it was a pleasure and an inspiration to hear Dr. Haskell. In behalf of the School we extend unanimously to Dr. Haskell the invitation to revisit us, and we want her to feel that St. Mary's is ever ready to extend her a hearty welcome when she again comes South.

F. P. V.

Volley Ball

A great deal of interest has been taken in volley-ball recently. Mus and Sigmas, alike, came out with their usual pep for the final try-out. Each association had twenty-five girls interested in making volley-ball a success.

The following teams were chosen:

SIGMA—*First Team*

M. Powell
M. Thompson
S. Phillips
E. Collier
M. L. Everett
D. Nixon
M. Blakely
D. Baum

MU—*First Team*

E. Way
M. Ambler
M. L. Langley
F. Kent
H. Barber
E. Villipigue
F. Venable
M. Gresham

SIGMA—Second Team

M. Willard
D. Cooper
M. Nixon
M. Brown
M. Withers
H. Boykin
S. Pegues
S. Collier

MU—Second Team

E. L. Glass
M. McCoy
E. Nelson
J. W. Ashworth
V. Thigpen
E. Tucker
F. Reinhart
L. Smith

Substitutes

K. Richards
M. W. Yarborough
M. Huske
S. Egleston

Substitutes

V. Wilkins
F. Salley
M. Wood
B. Ambler

Commencement Marshals

At the last meeting of the literary societies, held March 8, 1921, the choosing of the commencement marshals was the feature of the evening. This year the E. A. P.'s had the honor of choosing the chief marshal and we feel no hesitation at all in expressing for the entire student body approbation of their choice, Miss Lenore Powell. The two others elected by the E. A. P.'s were Lousie Egleston and Evelina Beckwith. The Sigma Lambdas elected Mary Louise Everett and Julia Winston Ashworth. These are girls who have expressed their interests in their societies by frequently taking part in their activities, and we feel sure that better and more representative girls could not be found anywhere.

The marshals began their duties when they ushered in the chapel on Easter Sunday afternoon.

F. D.

Lenten Activities

Now that Lent is over, and once again we are dancing in the parlor, eating candy, desserts, dressed up ice-creams, and such things which we so nobly denied ourselves for forty days, let us look back on the various Lenten activities with which we busied ourselves.

Of course, there were several things that we intended doing but

which were interfered with by the siege of colds. But we are now thinking of what we did and not of what we did not do.

The order of the chapel services was somewhat changed. There were the regular evening services Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, but on Wednesdays and Fridays there were voluntary services, from six to six-thirty in the evening. The usual Thursday night talks were changed to Wednesday nights.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, from seven-twenty to seven-thirty, there was "Morning Watch" in the chapel, led by different ones of the girls. Every Friday night during the hour before study hall, the two mission study classes held their meetings.

Instead of the chapters of the Church School Service League meeting, as usual on Sunday night, in their respective rooms, during Lent they united their efforts to give three joint meetings in the parlor, two or three chapters preparing the programs for a meeting which the whole school might enjoy. These were a great success, proving very interesting and helpful. The subjects of these meetings, with the chapters which took part in them, were as follows:

Medical Missions in China—Kate McKimmon and St. Catherine's chapters.

Mission Work in the Mountains of North Carolina—St. Elizabeth, St. Anne and St. Margaret's Chapter.

Alaska—Lucy Bratton, St. Agnes, and St. Monica's chapters.

Bishop Cheshire was here at the service on Palm Sunday for confirmation. Those confirmed were: Mary Lee, Alice Brunson, Alma Phelps, Emily Burgwyn, and Virginia Hopkins.

Easter

Easter morning dawned as sunshiny and fair as we could possibly wish, and it was with happy hearts that everybody dressed in white for the early morning service. Some got ready in time to go to the Domestic Science Room for coffee, which Mrs. Marriott had so kindly prepared.

The Assembly Room hardly seemed the same place that we had left the night before, for it was filled with figures clad in white from

head to toe. Quietly we marched out into the sunshine and over to the chapel. The Easter hymns and flowers made an impression that lasted through the long and happy day.

After breakfast there was much to be done and so little time to do it in—mite boxes to be handed in, dresses to be changed for church, and last, but not least, our small proteges from St. Saviour's Mission arrived to be decked in the Easter finery that the various Auxiliary chapters had furnished each little girl.

Some of us were fortunate enough to go out to dinner, but those who stayed at home enjoyed the unusually good Sunday dinner served in the dining-room. The choir furnished special music for the chapel services in the afternoon, and the newly-elected commencement marshals made their first appearance in white.

Altogether, the day was a very happy one for everybody.

May Day

May-day and the crowning of her queen is being looked forward to as one of the biggest events of the school year. Mary Louise Everett has been elected by the student body as Queen and we all feel sure that she is the very one for the place. The date has been set for May 2d. A committee of representatives from the various classes has been chosen, and Miss Hesse has put the arrangements entirely in their hands. Maids of the Queen's Court are to be chosen and last, but not least, the Court Jester.

Miss Hesse has arranged a program of costumed dances to be given by some of the "gym" classes and members of the æsthetic dancing class. All members of the student body are urged to come this day in costume. This will add greatly to the attractiveness of the affair, besides making each girl have a real part in May-day. With the grove as a setting and each girl taking part, May-day this year promises to be an event never to be forgotten.

M. E. F.

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—Wampus.

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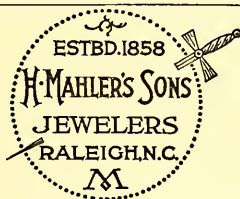
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